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AUGUST 21, 1981

Are U.S. Prisoners
ILL ALIVE IN VIETNAM?
—see page 958

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT HELMSMAN

The Inside China Story by WARREN C. H. KUO

ALSO:

Pipeline Blackmail by MILES COSTICK

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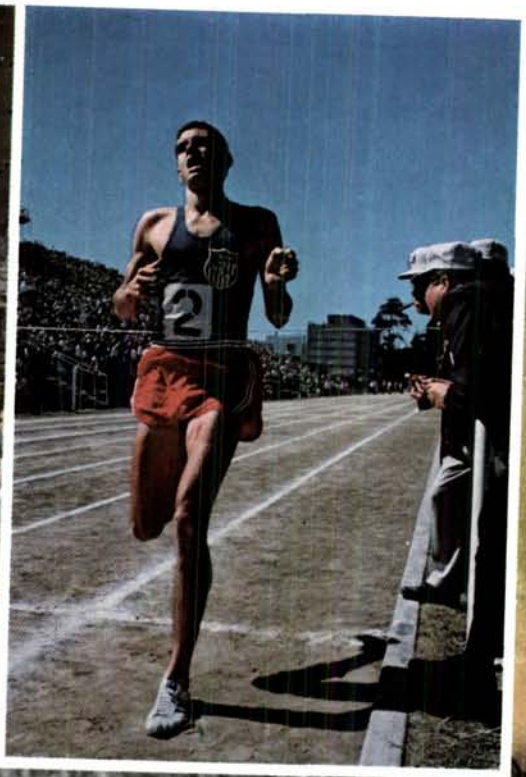

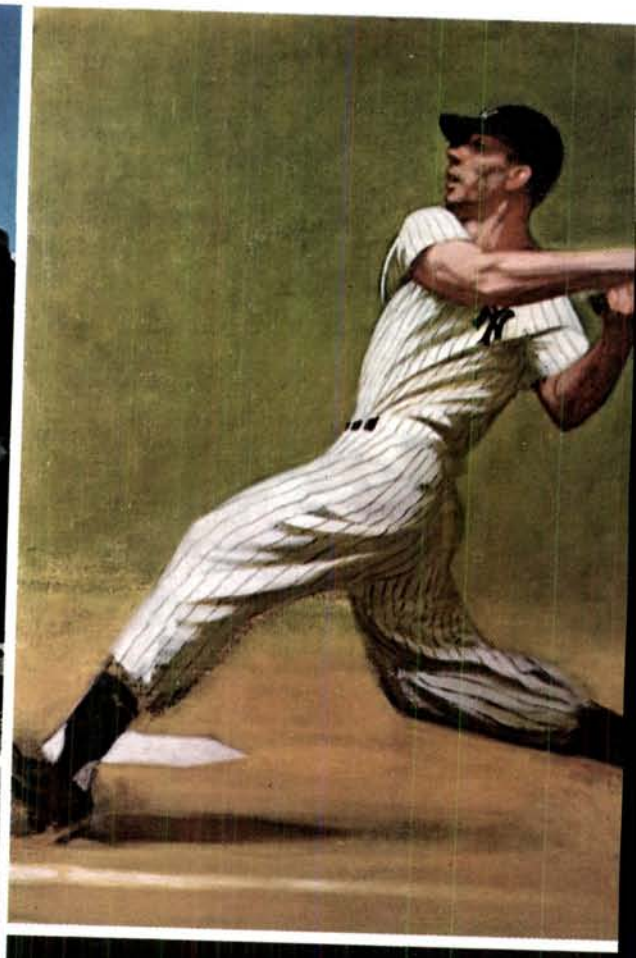

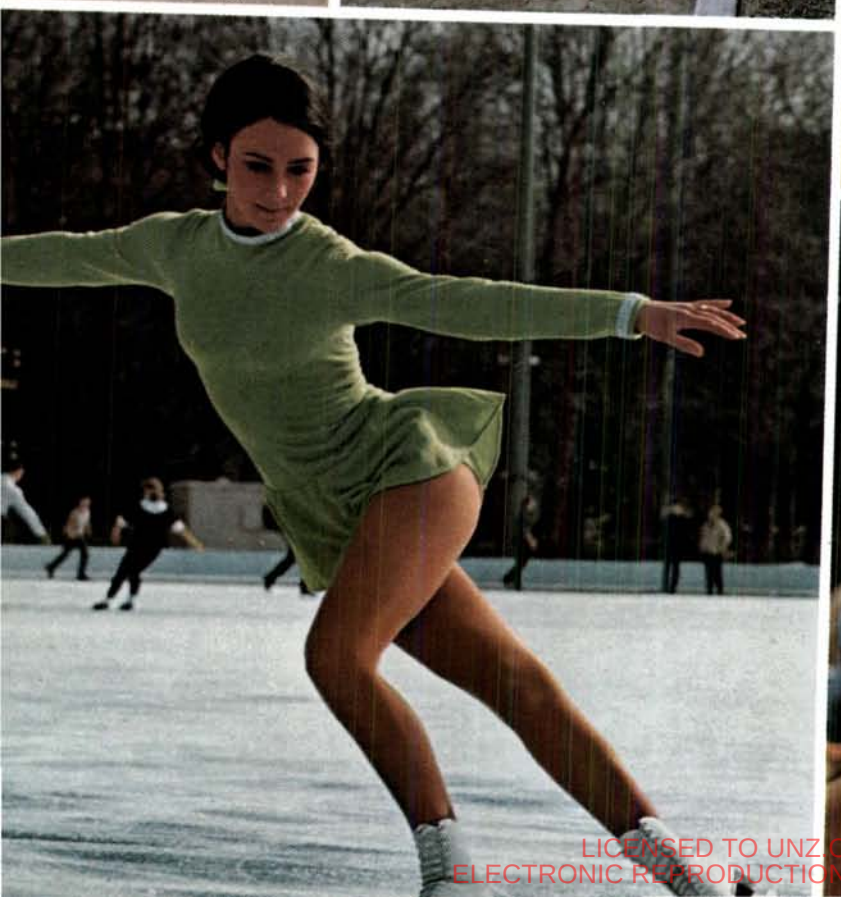

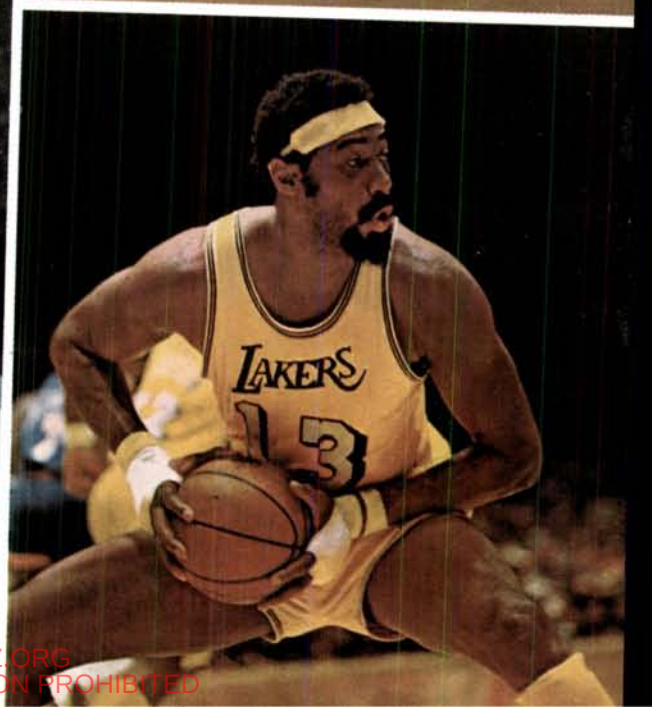

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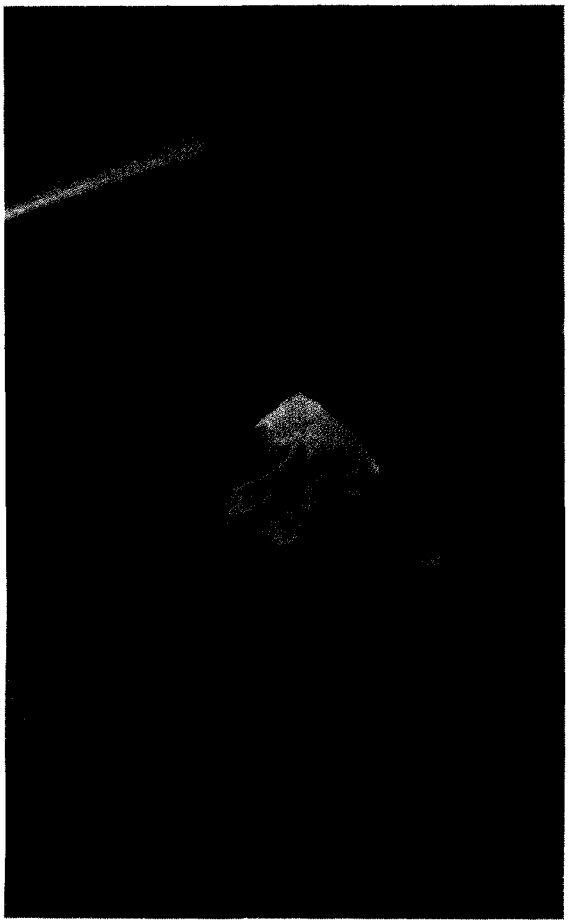

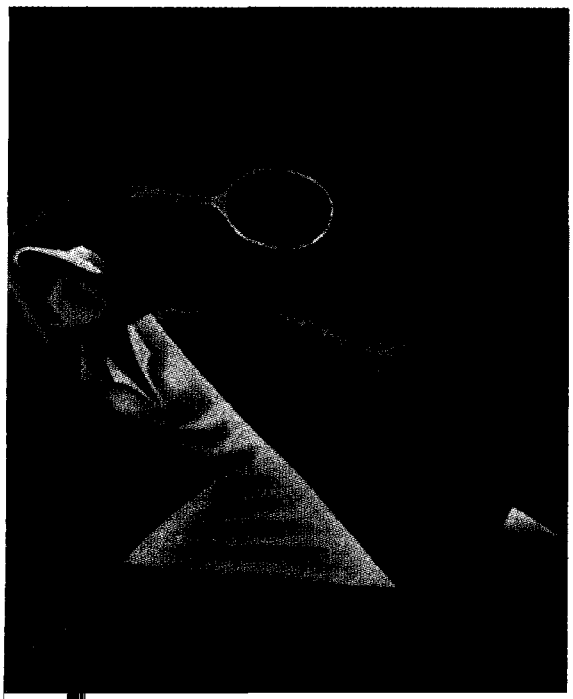

We look at them and we feel like cheering. They are some of our great ones, the heroes and heroines who delighted us and inspired us—and still do. Now we can meet them all, and 94 other greats, in their lively portraits and marvelous memorabilia at the National Portrait Gallery's dramatic exhibition, "Champions of American Sport."

They practiced man's most ancient art, a ballet of battle on the fields of sport against opponents, against time, against the limitations of sinew and bone. It is an art of the instant, the perishable split-second of maximum effort. But because the great ones, spurred on by our cheers, could summon in that instant the strength and grace for the extra ounce, the extra inch, those moments will live as long as our memories, and these portraits endure.

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(top left) Giles Litho Company, JAMES J. CORBETT DEFENDING HIS TITLE AGAINST CHARLIE MITCHELL, 1893, Chicago Historical Society. (top center) Photograph of JIM RYUN by RICH CLARKSON, 1966. (top right) Harvey Dinnerstein, THE WIDE SWING, 1975, Capricorn Galleries, Bethesda, Maryland. (bottom left) Photograph of PEGGY FLEMING by John G. Zimmerman, 1968. (bottom center) Photograph of WILT CHAMBERLAIN by WALTER IOOSS, JR., 1972. (bottom right) Miguel Covarrubias, HELEN WILLS c. 1927, Humanities Research Center University of Texas at Austin © Philip Morris Inc 1981

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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 21, 1981
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China

950 The Great Helmsman's Lackey

Byzantine doings in Peking: how Hua maneuvered from Maoism to "whateverism," put the rap for the Cultural Revolution on the Gang of Four, but was finally out-schemed by Teng Hsiao-ping. He still holds a high position in the Party, but this may be for appearances only. Is there a trial in his future? *Warren C. H. Kuo with Mary McSherry*

Articles & Columns

948 As Shevchenko Sees It

A Soviet defector has surprising views on Afghanistan, Castro, *The Spike*, and the performance of Gus Hall. *Neal B. Freeman*

949 Disarming Tactics

The Soviet/pacifist/neutralist advocates of European disarmament have encountered a surprising opponent. *Brian Crozier*

956 Soviet Blackmail

The Soviets propose to build an enormous natural-gas pipeline from Siberia to Western Europe, thereby supplying members of the Atlantic Alliance with Soviet resources. This would solve the Soviets' own energy crisis—and perhaps give the Politburo the capacity to create an energy crisis in the West. Would NATO nations become socialist satellites? They say no. But the facts suggest that the United States should proffer an alternative—quick. *Miles Costick*

958 'We Can Keep You . . . Forever'

"There is a law in the Archipelago," says Solzhenitsyn, "that those who have been treated the most harshly and who have withstood the most bravely, who are the most honest, the most courageous, the most unbending, never again come out into the world." Could this be true of American POWs in Vietnam today? Consider this: of the 591 Americans who were released, *not one* had been maimed. *Thomas D. Boettcher & Joseph A. Rehyansky*

963 The Parable of Iowa

To most people, Iowa means cornfields. But it also represents a triumph of the human spirit. *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

964 What really underlay the "Jimmy" caper? **Richard Brookhiser** contends that the hoax was far from an isolated incident; that it in fact was the suppuration of a peculiar ethos all too typical of a culture dominated by a journalism which is in turn dominated by a disposition to seek stories fitting a certain sentimental genre. It had little to do with any disinterested quest for information. . . . **Aram Bakshian Jr.** savors John Lukacs's study of *Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines*. . . . **Alan L. Miller** finds Joe Califano's *Governing America* a learning experience. . . . **Joseph Sobran** hails an all-out assault on judicial review, which charges that John Marshall was to constitutional law theory what Janet Cooke was to journalism.

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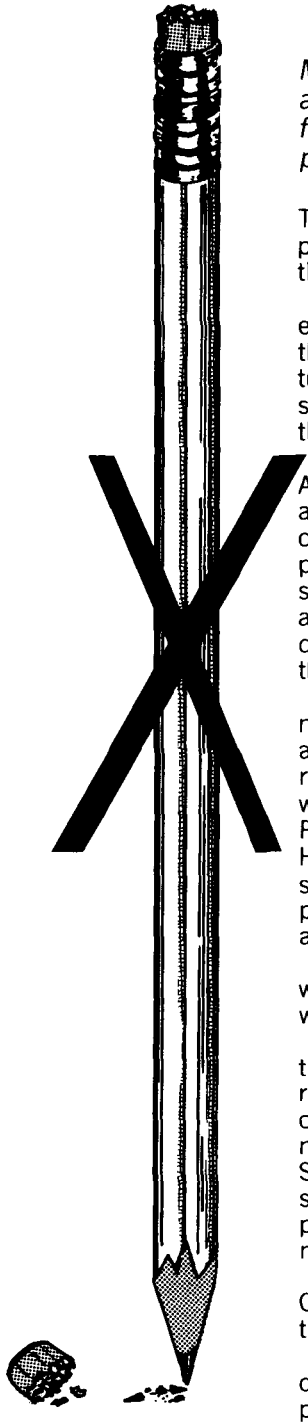
The pencil problem—1990



Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

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Letters

Due Process

James J. Kilpatrick's finding ["Conservatism at the High Court," Aug. 7] that the Supreme Court is no longer substituting its own notions of "wise social policy" for the legislature's is good news indeed (although one shudders to think of the regnant judicial activism in the *lower circles*). Our laws should be framed by our 535 elected representatives, not by nine appointees.

Roger M. Lewis
North Truro, Mass.

Distinctions

First, I wish to simply express my admiration for Joe Sobran's contribution to NATIONAL REVIEW. While I do not share some of his views, I know few in the business of writing who possess Sobran's civility, good will, and sharpness of mind.

Second, I wish to suggest a point about Professor Kristol's observation, in Mr. Sobran's words ["Capitalism and Ecstasy," July 10], that "the desire for profit is not disinterested, hence not noble." The Kantian idea that the noble or the moral may not be related to one's inclinations or interests is implausible. There is no one of moral virtue who fails to have an interest in what he is doing and the way to do it. Does the nobility of Socrates stem from his disinterest in truth and wisdom? Does Leo Strauss's nobility stem from his disinterest in philosophy? Kristol must mean that the desire, though interested, may not be of *personal benefit or gain*. Here the point to be made is well put by Plato (*Phaedo*, 115b): "concern yourselves with your own true self-interest." And this should be followed by a reading of Aristotle's *Nich. Ethics*, 1119a12 *passim*, where the self-love of the hedonist is distinguished from the self-love of the just man, the man of virtue. If one has a proper conception of the human self, then it is indeed of great moral merit to engage in such conduct as is truly to one's benefit.

Mr. Kristol is wrong to maintain that what is not disinterested is not noble. He should have said that only if the interest relates to the most excellent in man has it moral worth. Since economic efficiency does this clearly (though not to the highest possible degree in every individual, being as it is but a species of the very fine virtue prudence), the economic efficiency engendered and rewarded by capitalism is indeed noble, the reward indeed just. However, one should still add that the desire for profit is not the highest of human moral virtues. One can concede the moral worth of capitalism without thereby conceding that what the system encourages in people could ever be the last word in morality.

Tibor R. Machan
Senior Editor, Reason
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Theses on Liberation Theology

WFB's column "The Maryknollers *v.* Christianity" [July 10] was in my mind when I heard the Peruvian priest Gustavo Gutierrez, author of *Liberation Theology*, give a series of lectures at Notre Dame. His performance prompted me to compose a set of theses on Gutierrez, analogous to Marx's *Theses on Feuerbach*. Here goes:

1. Gutierrez claims that "Liberation Theology" opposes the preceding "modern theology"; the "interlocutor" of the latter, he says, is "the autonomous individual," that of the former, "the poor." Of the two, he asserts, Liberation Theology is pastoral and thus stronger.

2. The "interlocutor" of Liberation Theology, however, is not "the poor" but rather the activist "modern man." Liberation Theologians, being highly educated, are not poor. They do nevertheless claim to know the interests of the poor better than do the poor.

3. According to Liberation Theology the poor are nonhuman, which is a variation on Marx's concept that "human emancipation" can be brought about only by the "negative representative of society," an element in society that "is the complete loss of humanity." (*Introduction to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Law*, 1844.)

4. The poor, however, are not nonhuman. Jesus was poor, John the Baptist was poor, Amos was poor, the Buddha lived in poverty, so did St. Francis of Assisi. Jesus did "preach the Kingdom of God to the poor." But perhaps Liberation Theologians have something other than preaching in mind.

5. Starting out with the assertion that the poor are nonhuman would entail the inference that Liberation Theology has taken on the task of creating human beings out of nothing.

6. The cause of Liberation Theology, according to Gutierrez, is "to make the world right, which is not right now."

7. Liberation Theology must presume certain knowledge of what a "right world" has to be; it derives this knowledge, however, from the arsenal of "modern theology" which it pretends to reject.

8. In the same way in which "modern theology" relied chiefly on critical philosophy, Liberation Theology intends to rely

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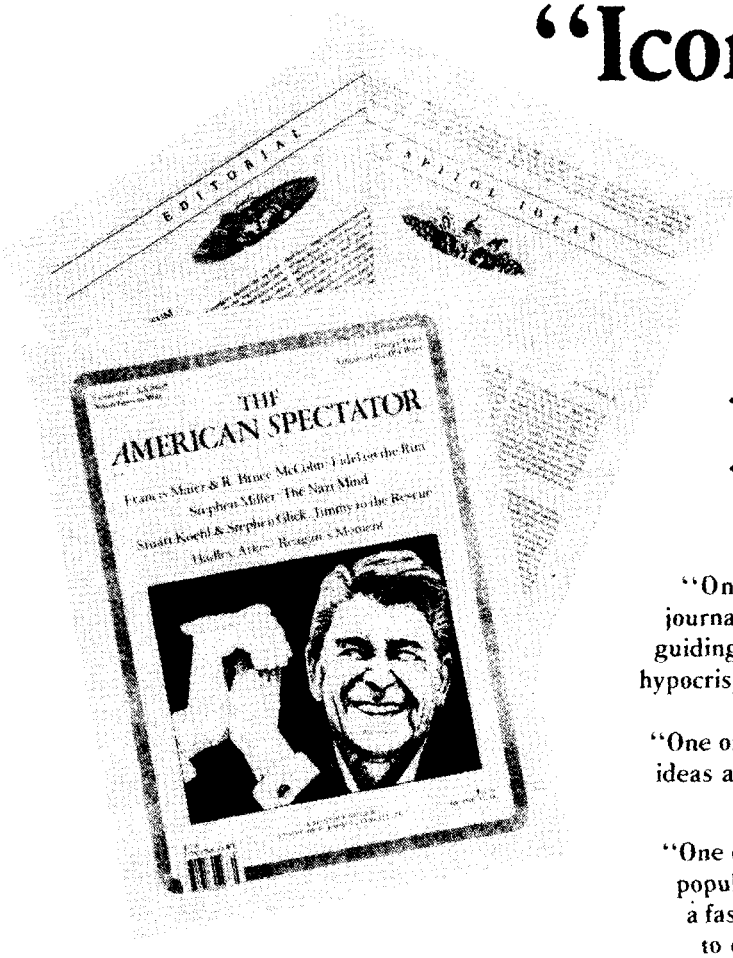

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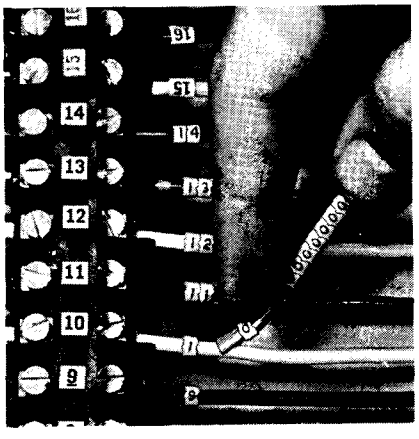

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chiefly on "social science." That means contemporary social science, which is heavily biased in the direction of Marx, or Freud, or both.

9. In both Marx and Freud, scientific analysis is both distorted by reductionism and linked to subversive attitudes and practices, culminating in utopian visions.

10. There is no empirical knowledge linking revolutionary enterprise to subsequent human freedom from poverty, anxiety, neuroses, or oppression. There are a considerable number of revolutions known to have resulted in general poverty and tyranny.

11. For three hundred years various *critiques* have disputed about which negation would actually turn the world upside down (or, as they choose to put it, right side up); the point, however, is to bring into the world the light of faith, hope, and charity.

Gerhart Niemeyer
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

An Insider's Opinion

Neal Freeman's column on the CIA ["The Current Wisdom," June 12] was excellent. Congratulations.

Donald Rumsfeld
Skokie, Ill.

Flowers for Algernon

I pass along the following for what it is worth; it is a letter to me from a psychology student friend who is engaged in research with laboratory rats:

"Dear Bob:

"Since you're a longtime fan of NATIONAL REVIEW, I thought you would be interested in an odd little episode that occurred down at the lab yesterday.

"Usually I line my rats' cages with newspaper, but sometimes if I'm running short I will tear a page or two out of a magazine as well. As I was cleaning up the other day, I noticed that the paper lining the cage of my most intelligent rat had acquired some pencil marks—and sure enough, off to the side of the cage was a pencil that someone had dropped in there. The rat had a curious expression on his face.

"I pulled out the paper and looked at it, and what do you suppose I saw? There in the margin (it was the Letters column of July 24, in which a Mr. Michael Ward was berating NATIONAL REVIEW for printing a cartoon showing a laboratory rat writing to Amnesty International) was an unsteady scrawl which, as best I can decipher it, said: 'What a chump! That cartoon wasn't aimed at Amnesty International, it was aimed at scientists!'

"A hoax by one of my colleagues? Or the real story, straight from the rodent's mouth?"

Bob Tilliard
Mt. Auburn, Mass.

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- how to argue with an institution
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- how to dig out your opponent's planted axiom and destroy it
- how to use humor, pity, anger—and courtesy—to make a point

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HOW TO USE A SELF-SERVICE GAS STATION

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY DOING SIMPLE CAR MAINTENANCE YOURSELF.

Gasoline or diesel fuel usually costs less at a self-service station. But too many people think that filling a fuel tank is all there is to self service. You'll do your automobile the most good if you also include a few simple maintenance procedures.

Most self-service pumps have easy-to-follow directions printed right on them. Before you drive into a self-service station, it's helpful to know whether your car takes leaded gas, unleaded gas, or diesel fuel, and also where your fuel tank is located, so that you can pull up to the proper pump and have the fuel tank close at hand. The type of fuel your car requires should be printed on the instrument panel, and the fuel tank location can be found in the owner's manual.

If you don't find instructions on the pump, here's what to do at most stations: 1. Turn off the engine. 2. Remove the fuel cap. 3. Remove the nozzle from the pump and turn the pump lever to "ON." 4. Place the nozzle in your fuel tank and squeeze the trigger. 5. When the trigger clicks off, remove the nozzle from the tank and turn the pump lever to "OFF." 6. Replace your fuel cap.

There are some things, however, that the directions may not tell you. Fuel fumes are highly flammable, so you should never smoke at a service station. Also, fuel caps are easy to forget and lose, so when you remove the cap try to wedge it in between the door to the tank and body of the car, where you're not likely to forget it. All 1981 and most older General Motors cars have fuel caps that twist on and then click when secure.

When you're filling up, try to avoid topping off your tank, since it may overflow. If fuel does spill on your car, you should wash it off as soon as possible, to avoid paint damage.

After you fill your tank, remember to clean your windshield. If you've been driving in bad weather, be sure to wipe off your side mirrors and headlights, too.

A quick-maintenance inspection can help you spot potential trouble. You don't need any expensive tools—just a good quality tire gauge, a rag or paper towel, an oil can spout kept in a plastic bag, and a jug of premixed windshield washer fluid, such as GM Optikleen.

To check your engine oil, pull out the dipstick, wipe it clean, insert it again, then pull it back out. The oil should be between the marks labeled "FULL" and "ADD." If it's below "ADD," add a quart of the oil recommended in your GM owner's manual.

You should also check the coolant level. Most GM cars have a see-through recovery tank. If the level looks low, add coolant to this tank. Never remove the radiator cap when the engine is hot, because pressurized coolant may overflow and burn you.

Periodically check your brake, transmission, and power steering fluid levels. Your owner's manual tells you how. Remember to keep the windshield washer reservoir filled with fluid, too, especially in the winter when you use it most often.

Most GM cars are equipped with maintenance-free batteries. But it's still wise to make sure their cables are on tight and the ends aren't frayed. Look for fraying, cracks, or other signs of wear on belts, too.

Look at tires for signs of wear or worn-out edges which can indicate improper inflation or the need for alignment. Once a month, you should use a tire gauge to check the pressure. In GM cars, the recommended pressure is on the left front door edge or inside the glove compartment. Recommended pressure is for cold tires, so check them before you drive more than a mile.

You'll be putting self-service stations to their best use if you include maintenance checks in your stops for gas. Your GM owner's manual can be an invaluable guide to proper car care. Please use it.

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General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

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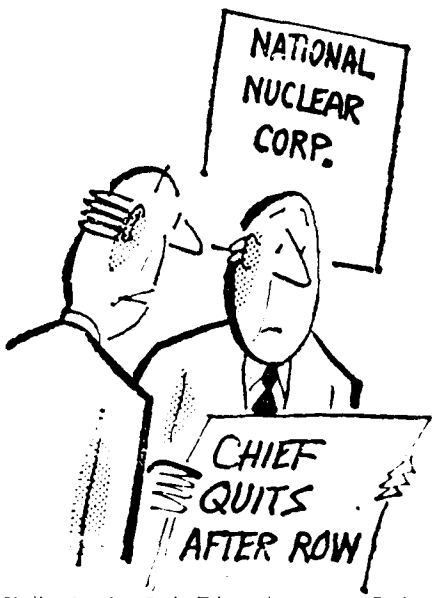
FOR THE RECORD

■ When **Ronald Reagan** arrived in Washington back in January, Speaker **Tip O'Neill** warned him that his experience as governor of California wouldn't do him much good—it was "minor-league" stuff. As Tip and his Democratic colleagues headed home last week, *Washington Post* political reporter **Lou Cannon** commented: "Ronald Reagan plays big-league politics. Even Tip O'Neill knows that now." . . . A week earlier Democrats thought they had the battle won. But, says House Republican leader **Bob Michel**, "once we got over the thirty-vote mark [thirty Democratic defections] it began to hemorrhage." . . . Contributing to the victory, the Administration's last-minute acceptance of tax indexation (starting in 1985). A bill to that effect had sixty Democratic sponsors, a number of whom went along with the Reagan package. . . . Commented Rep. **Stephen Solarz** (D., N.Y.), at one time the champeen big-spender in the House: "Now I know how the Japanese felt when they signed the instrument of surrender on the battleship *Missouri*." . . . In the key tax vote in the Senate the Democrats mustered only 11 votes. Among the defectors: 19 of the twenty Democratic senators up for re-election in 1982. Only **Teddy Kennedy** voted against the tax cut. . . . For the record, the only Republicans to break rank were **Charles Mathias** (Md.) in the Senate, and **James Jeffords** (Vt.) in the House. Boo.

■ According to *New York Times* political analyst **Frank Lynn**, Rep. **Jack Kemp**—author of the original three-year tax-cut plan—has emerged from the recent wars with reputation enhanced. He can, says Lynn, have the Republican gubernatorial nomination in New York for the asking. But does he want it? Kemp apparently will take a poll this fall, make his decision before November. . . . Take a medfly, stir in some office fiascos, and what you get, say **Evans & Novak**, is a Gov. **Jerry Brown** who no longer looks like a shoo-in for Sen. **Hayakawa**'s Senate seat. . . . Chances are good that conservative Rep. **Marjorie Holt** (R., Md.) will take on Democratic liberal Sen. **Paul Sarbanes** next year. She's just a few points back of him in the polls. . . . Former Illinois Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** may be back in politics, this time running for his father's old job as governor. He trails Republican **Jim Thompson** by only seven points.



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"He certainly was a fast reactor!"

■ Repercussions from Poland: *Der Spiegel*, the West German magazine, says Polish unrest has spread to **East Germany**, reports strikes in some factories, the passing out of illegal leaflets calling for solidarity with Solidarity. . . . In Czechoslovakia, Charter 77 dissident **Rudolf Battek** has been given the harshest prison sentence yet, seven and a half years, and reports reaching Vienna indicate a new Czech crackdown on the Catholic Church. . . . In Moscow, **Feliks Serebrov** is the seventh and last of a group protesting the use of psychiatric hospitals as political prisons to be convicted of anti-Soviet agitation. Four years' hard labor, five exile. . . . Major internal fights in French Communist Party following **Georges Marchais**'s poor showing in recent elections, dismissal of one-third of the staff of *L'Humanité*, Party paper. . . . According to UPI, **François Mitterrand**'s Socialist Party has promised "full support" for Salvadoran rebels in their fight against "their nation's U.S.-backed government." . . . **Che Guevara** repeat: **Eden Pastora**, famed **Comandante Zero** of the Sandinista revolution, has left Nicaragua to help in other Latin American revolutions. "I can't stand to see the death by hunger of defenseless fellow peoples without taking up my revolutionary rifle."

■ Looking Right: According to **Daniel Tyler Moore** of the International Platform Association, speakers now in hot demand are conservative economists: **Milton Friedman**, **David Stockman**, and **Arthur Laffer**. The highest-paid speakers of them all (at $40,000 per) are **Bob Hope** and **Johnny Carson**. . . . Inspired by the conservative *Dartmouth Review*, the irreverent and unorthodox Dartmouth weekly, a group of graduate students are planning a conservative weekly, *The Salient*, at Harvard this fall. Guiding lights: *American Spectator* contributor **Thomas Quest** and *NR* contributor **Charles Kesler**. . . . Also on the drawing boards, a conservative weekly at Brown, **Chip Keating** in charge. . . . It couldn't go any other way. In Washington the conservative **Heritage Foundation** beat the liberal **Brookings Institution** 11 to 7 in softball.

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THE WEEK

■ It simply is not true that Tip O'Neill hijacked a plane and fled to France. The fact is, he asked Chrysler Corporation for political asylum.

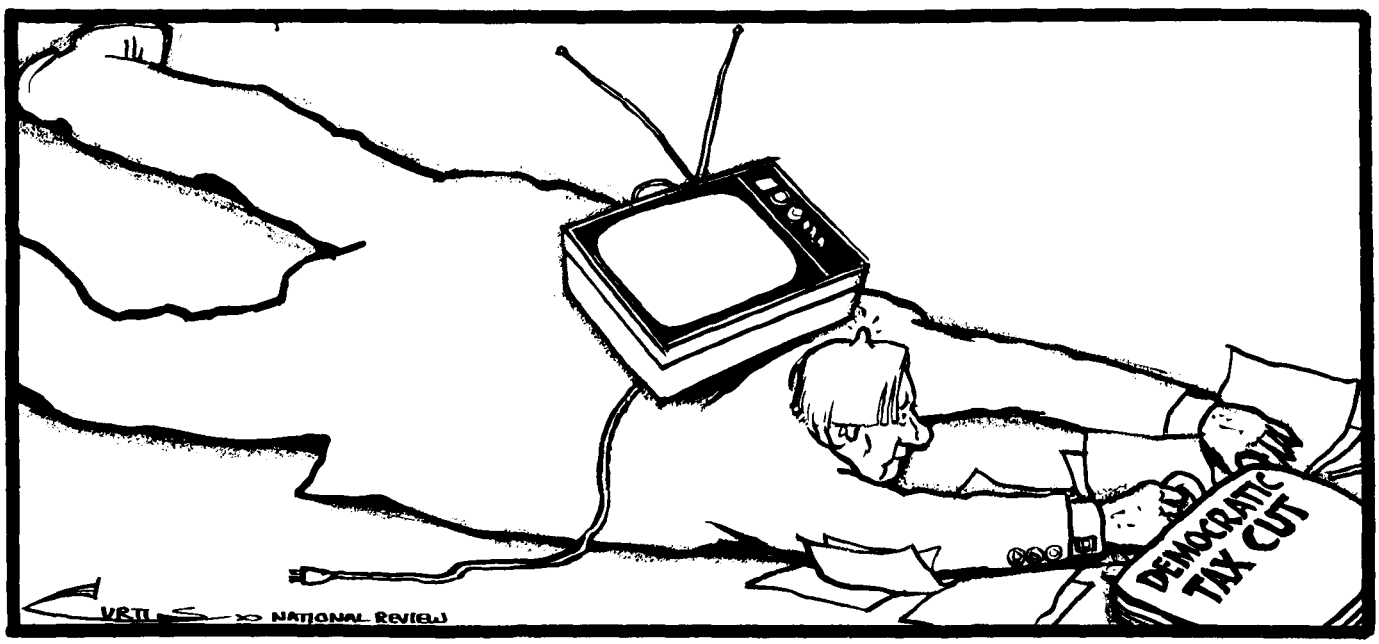
■ *New York Times* columnist Russell Baker on the Reagan Administration's tax-cut triumph, and what it all means: "So ended nearly fifty years of the New Deal. Only a sentimentalist could weep. A fifty-year-old political idea is like a thirty-year-old dog or a 150-year-old man. . . . American politics, freed at last of the curse of the moribund New Deal, may experience the restorative refreshment of new thought. In a sense all those Democrats voting sweets to the 'special interests' and 'economic royalists' this week were not betraying the poor old New Deal, but committing a mercy-killing long overdue."

■ Everyone is calling the supply-side approach an "untested theory," and even Howard Baker chimed in with a cheerful "riverboat gamble." The truth is that unless you think a 100 per cent tax rate would bring in more revenues than a 90, 50, or 10 per cent tax rate, you are a supply-sider. Unless you believe that a man who customarily works for $10 an hour would cheerfully work overtime for $5 an hour, you grasp the idea behind reducing marginal tax rates. The real question is whether the Administration and Congress have gauged the optimum tax rates accurately: it may be that they haven't cut *enough*, even from the Machiavellian point of view of the greedy tax collector. And in the event that the Reagan approach doesn't deliver, the "untested" line will have prepared us to return to the "tried-and-true" method of fouling up the economy by taxing the hell out of us.

■ Of 405 callers to Congressman Bo Ginn (D., Ga.), all but five urged him to support the President's tax bill. One of the five was Jimmy Carter, who predicted the bill would lead to racism and war and torture, and would distress Amy. Ginn voted with the President.

■ If only Ronald Reagan would take $200 billion from the rich by closing loopholes, cut the military budget by $200 billion, and get an additional $200 billion from corporations, then he could: give everyone a 10 per cent pay increase, cut the working day to six hours, cut food, clothing, and rent prices 10 per cent, cancel all taxes for families making under $24,000 a year, build a modern and free transportation system, get senior citizens off the brink of starvation, and much, much more. But that's not going to happen, says Gus Hall, Secretary General of the CPUSA, because Reagan likes being a spoilsport.

■ The Reagan Administration has made a step forward on the deregulation front, but there has been a step backward too. The Commerce Department is proposing an increase in regulation as the price of allowing American Telephone and Telegraph to enter the new markets of microwave transmission, satellite communication, and fiber optics. On the immigration front, meanwhile, the flight of illegal aliens is to be stemmed by checking employers' books and carting off



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to jail those who hire the undocumented. Cynics say this approach was dreamed up by César Chavez's friends in the Justice Department. By eliminating the competition from illegal aliens, it will allow farm labor monopolies to be established in the Southwest.

■ Let's face it. The *Washington Star*, due to fold on August 7, had a tough row to hoe against the *Post*, in a city not all that big, much of which is semi-literate. On top of which, the *Star* is an afternoon paper, one of a doomed species. But in all the routine analyses of its demise, we heard nary a peep about the contributions of the labor unions, even as the artificially high wages of privileged unions threaten to close the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and the *Boston Herald-Examiner*. It appears that the power of organized labor is the only thing more sacrosanct than the First Amendment, since any other force that prevented a newspaper from reaching the public would be pronounced guilty of sacrilege.

■ Well, what do you know, the Berrigan brothers are on their way back into the can again, this time for their role as members of the "Plowshares" group, who broke into a plant and damaged some missile parts, poured chicken blood or catsup or something on the floor, and emerged with faces expressing a lifetime of moral superiority. Victorian drawing rooms used to feature those little machines on which, when you wound them up, little mechanical figures would minuet, play fiddles, turn backflips, whatever, but always the same. When the Berrigans get out of stir, let us hope that they change their act. A decade and a half is just too long for these little wind-up ex-Catholic dolls.

■ Michael Manley, former Jamaican Prime Minister, really ought to go into public relations. Listen to his defense of Fidel Castro in (where else?) *The Nation*: "It is a myth that Cuba sent troops to Angola because Moscow ordered it. . . . It is also a myth that Cuba spends its time plotting revolution throughout Latin America. . . . Moreover, Castro is, myths aside, a man of extraordinary political sophistication, and, being such, he is comfortable with pluralism. . . . However, the Cubans draw the line somewhere. If Angola makes an appeal to them in a case in which democratic and progressive legitimacy is threatened by fascism, the Cubans will respond if it is within their means to do so." Even as the Soviets responded to Afghanistan's cry for help, an act of socialist fraternity Castro fully supported. Cuba, notes Manley, is "firmly nonaligned and not about to become anyone's cat's-paw."

■ What a fine fellow François Mitterrand is! Moderate progressive, staunch ally, democrat, humanitarian—the media purr over him. His publicists have hardly noticed that he intends to close down all of France's private schools, thereby abridging, among other things, the free exercise of religion and the rights of the family—an instance of the impact of property-rights violations on other rights. A French critic, Jean-François Revel, sums up Mitterrand's approach as "democratic Maoism" based on a simplistic world view whose tenets are roughly: "Capitalism is intrinsically bad; the defense of profit is the cause of inflation and unemployment; 'big capital'—first and foremost the multinational firms—is the sole and complete explanation for the misery of the Third World and the children who starve to death there. Therefore society must be made more moral by eliminating profit"—even if that means eliminating freedom.

■ Of all the Liberation Fronts, the IRA is the only one that's self-liquidating.

■ In separate incidents, two Californians have been arrested for assaulting people with surfboards. We are just never going to understand California.

■ Diesel fuel is selling in Mexico—sit down—for 17 cents a gallon. Naturally, this has led to so much smuggling of diesel fuel into this country that it's "driving [Customs] up the wall," according to an investigator. One man was arrested for no better reason than that he crossed the border 37 times with a waterbed in his truck (he brought in seven thousand gallons before being nabbed). What we wonder is, Why the hell is it a crime to import cheap fuel into the United States?

■ You'll be relieved to learn that the Feudal Trade Commission, after ten years of close study and umptigodzillion dollars spent, has finally devised feudal guidelines for funerals, to wit, that funeral homes must provide the bereaved with itemized charges so that they can do comparison shopping.

■ Norman Lear, the television producer who grew rich by offering the Bunker household as a caricature of Middle America, and then abusing the caricature, now presides over People for the American Way, a group designed to oppose the New Right. The New Right, see, wants to impose its views on the rest of us, so People for the American Way runs commercials showing American People arguing about the best way to cook eggs, and concluding that the American Way is to let everyone cook them his own Way. Lear was no doubt alluding to the feud between egg-crackers in *Gulliver's Travels*—whether to crack eggs on the big ends or the little ends, hence Big and Little End-

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ians. Though, as Hugh Kenner reminds us, Swift was not only satirizing bigots but Gulliver, to whom human affairs appear to be "a chronicle of uncomprehended externals." Whaddaya say, Norman? (Don't ask us, we're just Archie Bunker types.)

■ A recent poll of workers found that two-thirds have no faith that Social Security will provide dependable benefits upon their retirement. The other third proves again that hope springs eternal.

■ Fidel Castro blames the CIA for blighting the Cuban sugar and tobacco crops, and for an outbreak of dengue fever. The State Department denies the charges, but promises to keep them on file for future consideration.

Ship of State to Starboard

The passage by Congress of Ronald Reagan's package of tax and spending cuts sharply reverses the leftward course of economic policy in the United States. It demonstrates that fundamental change is possible, and shatters that stultifying concept of "politically impossible"—long the knee-jerk answer of political moderates to conservatives pressing for a restoration of the formulas of American success.

For years policymakers have been sawing rungs off the ladder of opportunity, creating for the first time in U.S. history a permanent underclass of welfare dependents. More and more, economic policy was being exercised in the name of helping this politically created and captive underclass. For big-spending politicians it was vote-buying, clear and simple. For the ideological Left it was the political economics of turning a capitalist state into a welfare state. The process was protected by a monopoly on morality, which branded all criticisms of the leftward course as hard-hearted and mean-spirited. Soon America was producing rising numbers of the poor, for whom the government was providing—in part by inflating the working population into higher tax brackets and in part by red ink, which drew on dwindling private savings to finance transfer payments. Instead of jobs, Washington created dependencies and, thereby, a rationale for yet more redistribution.

The termination of this process two hundred days into the Reagan Administration seems so sudden as to be magical. Few expected it, and that in itself contributes to the image of Ronald Reagan waving a magic wand. In a morning-after editorial, the *Washington Post* expressed its own "great surprise" at the decisive change in economic policy and went on to confess: "There were probably not many people—certainly not ourselves—who expected more than a much compromised and delayed outcome."

The *Post* owes its surprise to its unwillingness to acknowledge the rising influence of conservative engines like the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal* and the efforts of people like William Simon, who established a style of refusing to defer to the politically "impossible," Jack Kemp, who showed a Republican minority how to seize political leadership, and Paul Craig Roberts, who helped break the power of Keynesian economic models in Washington.

It has come as a shock that a President untutored by liberals, and running athwart hotheaded liberal opposition, can rouse and lead the nation. Perhaps the *Post* will accept change and support the President; but present strategy is to make sure that Ronald Reagan is held responsible for the economic failures they hope will follow. "Reagan's Neck on Bottom Line," declares the *Post*'s headline. "Testing Period Starts for Reagan Policies," says the *Post*'s Hobart Rowen. "The responsibility for success is now squarely on his shoulders," insists the *Post*'s Caroline Atkinson. You can hear them raising the guillotine . . .

The Great Airport Robbery

Could Ronald Reagan ask for anything more? He continues to be astonishingly fortunate in his political opponents. Like his old hero, Joe Louis, he is running his own Bum-of-the-Month Club: Jimmy Carter, Tip O'Neill, and, now, the Professional Air Traffic Controllers' Organization.

In this "contest" the only things Reagan has going for him are the law, economics, total public support, and the practical leverage inherent in the fact that despite the strike three-fourths of scheduled flights were operating. On top of all that, Reagan had the opportunity to make a necessary and popular political point. Public employees *cannot* be allowed to strike. Their positions exist because they possess a vital strategic character. The mail must be delivered. The army must be on call. Fires must be fought. The bridges and tunnels must operate. You can't land a 747 by guesswork. No one is forced to take a public job, but those who take them do so upon clearly stated conditions. Calvin Coolidge, in moving against the striking Boston police, stated the principle clearly in words that Reagan considered using in his own public statement: no one has the right to strike against the public safety.

As against all that, PATCO has going for it . . . almost nothing.

The union, whose members earn an average of $34,000 per year, began by asking for $73,000 and then reduced the demand to $60,000—the salary of a Cabinet officer. But, also, they demanded a 32-hour

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week, thus adding about 20 per cent to the hourly compensation. These demands excited no public sympathy or support, only some sardonic remarks to the effect that whatever disease baseball players suffer from must be contagious.

Nor could the law be any clearer. The U.S. Code states: "An individual may not accept or hold a position in the Government of the United States or the government of the District of Columbia if he participates in a strike or asserts the right to strike against the Government of the United States or the government of the District of Columbia."

Only one prominent figure had the political sagacity to support the strike, Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO.

As we go to press, the issue is unresolved. A federal judge in Brooklyn declared the union in contempt of court, and hit it with a fine of $100,000 per hour. The federal district court in Washington imposed a $250,000 fine. The Justice Department was preparing indictments. Reagan had declared that the strikers would lose their jobs, and Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis said they would not be re-hired. Military personnel were moving into the control towers.

The President was making his point; it is a point worth making and long overdue.

Guns and Blini

This past fortnight, Tokyo and Bonn both sent Washington large bouquets of skunk cabbage. The West Germans, their once rock-solid economy buckling under the pressure of welfare spending, decided to boost the military budget only 4.2 per cent—a decrease of almost 2 per cent, once inflation is factored in. After the announcement, government spokesmen anxiously explained that the cuts had to be made to pacify the left wing of the Social Democratic Party, while Helmut Schmidt had the cheek to blame the belt-tightening on high American interest rates. Meanwhile, half way around the world, the Japanese, who have strenuously resisted beefing up their tiny military, have also been divided over an American proposal to share technology in the field of weapons development.

Science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury once suggested that Japan and West Germany simply be made the 51st and 52nd states. Short of that, what is to be done? Tokyo and Bonn preside over two of the world's most coveted economic plants, and they show an unseemly reluctance to resist the world's chief coveter. To say that a disarmed and detente-minded Germany and Japan risk being Finlandized is to understate the case. Finland (the sons of Helsinki will forgive us) is a relatively unimportant nation. The Soviets have no urgent need to dominate it beyond a certain point. So long, moreover, as the Western democracies maintain at least a semblance of unity and strength, the Soviets can only push so far. A Western Alliance from which Germany and Japan play hooky is that much less threatening; and the stakes are much higher. Now the Germans and the Soviets collaborate on a gas pipeline; five years from now, will it be a proposal finally to remove those tiresome NATO units from the north German plain and the Fulda gap—in return, of course, for more lucrative deals?

Arguing the Germans and the Japanese out of their funk will be one of the Administration's most delicate and most important long-range tasks.

Baseball's Disgrace

Some fans will rush back to the ball parks or re-glue themselves to the TV screen. Others, furious—with cause—will forget this season and wait till next year.

The great baseball strike of 1981 was not about frivolous issues, but it was conducted frivolously, and with total disregard for those who ultimately pay the bills, i.e., American baseball fans. It was a strike of millionaires against millionaires, pig-heads against pig-heads.

At issue was the "free-agent" player, one who has played out his contract with his team and then offers his services to the highest bidder, with an inevitable upward effect on other players' salaries. Weeks ago, the owners proposed that any team losing a free agent be compensated by gaining another player directly from the team that had signed the free agent. Obviously, the proposal was meant to make free-agentry considerably less attractive to the purchasing team.

The players' organization proposed a marginally different solution. The team losing the free agent would indeed be compensated, but not so directly. It would gain a player from a pool to which all teams in the free-agent market had contributed. The players' proposal made a free-agent deal not quite as unattractive as the owners' scheme—but it did retain the principle of compensation.

Over this colossal impasse, both sides together ruined the 1981 baseball season. No 1981 statistics will mean anything, not home runs, base hits, strike-outs, bases stolen. What remains of the pennant race is a charade. The fewer games are played, the more luck counts, and the less then depends on teamwork and team depth. To call the 1981 winner the "champion" will be absurd. It will be like declaring a champion in the Masters after nine holes, at Wimbledon after one set, in the Super Bowl after two quarters.

In the end, the owners—when their strike insurance

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ran out—settled for the players' pool plan, but exacted a concession that there would be no new confrontation before 1985.

Well, thanks a lot. If either the players or the owners had cared sufficiently for the game or for the fans, this same settlement could have been reached weeks or even months ago.

A lot of baseball fans are generous. They know they have been screwed this year, but they will forgive and put up their ticket money and make believe baseball has given them a "season."

For our part, we'll wait till next year.

Burn, Baby, Burn—Please!

The English riots this summer prove—what? That lawlessness has reached critical mass even in the cradle of civility? That England has assumed a demographic burden for the Commonwealth in excess of its ability to support?

No, they prove that Thatcherism—supply-side economics, monetarism, the free-market approach generally—has failed, can only fail, will surely fail here, "if," as Garry (*The Second Civil War*) Wills puts it, "we are unwilling to learn from Britain's experience." Wills, Mary McGrory, and other liberal commentators are fairly slavering for a little uproar here to validate their ideological objections to the free market.

The message is going out to the ghettos: Arise, arise, ye victims of capitalism! Heave a few bricks and firebombs, and we'll supply the rhetorical support! The war on inflation, Wills says, "reveals itself, increasingly, as a war on the poor." Whatever "the poor" do in response, therefore, will be *defensive*, don't you see.

Meanwhile the Kerner Report—white racism causes black riots—is reverently adduced, as if Otto Kerner, John Lindsay, Fred Harris, and Edward Brooke had spoken the last word on the subject for all time. The fundamentalists have been waiting for Armageddon, and hopefully predict the Fire Next Time in easy disregard of their own previous auguries. Cognitive dissonance, the psychologists call it. They'll be horribly disappointed if the cities stay quiet all summer. Won't someone please burn down a ghetto, for old times' sake?

The Prospect at Cancun

Secretary of State Alexander Haig's abstractions—"shared commitment and shared responsibilities for mutual benefit" and "historic opportunity to make a new beginning"—in remarks following a parley in early August at Cancun, Mexico were widely taken as a somewhat happy augury for the international conference on food disparities scheduled for the same locality October 22-23, with President Reagan in attendance. Reserved optimism is appropriate, however. The problem at the core of the issues summed up as the North-South confrontation is a knotty one. For a key, one may hark back two decades to Gunnar Myrdal's *Beyond the Welfare State*. The book urged and hailed the early advent of a welfare world—one economy, one big plan, one legion of bureaucrats to administer it. As in all socialistic approaches, the focus was on distribution—production taken for granted, and the market relegated to the past. The dream pervades international approaches to the food problem. The latest embodiment is an elaborate report produced last year by a 21-member international commission headed by former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt—the stimulus of the upcoming Cancun meeting.

There are, of course, two contrasting approaches to economic policy—just as there are to having a watermelon party. One can start by figuring out how to divvy up watermelons or, oppositely, by figuring out how to get them. The food-deficient countries are ones favoring the first approach. The ones that are doing all right—and this includes some distinguished examples among the emerging states—are the ones amenable to the second. The contrast is tellingly portrayed in an article by Nick Eberstadt in the July *Commentary*. The Reagan Administration, having taken one big first step back from the welfare state, is little likely to let itself get talked into taking opposite steps in world affairs; nor, however, is it likely to effect instant cures among the addicts of collectivization. So take care not to expect too much from Cancun. The meeting at least can be counted on not to bog down into the 18-month futility that resulted from the world food conference of the mid-1970s in Paris.

Casey Still at Bat

William J. Casey's explanation for his selection of Max C. Hugel as CIA deputy in charge of operations—meaning covert and clandestine activities—was akin to the well-known reason which a man once gave to a judge for having heaved a brick through a plate-glass window: to wit, it had seemed a good idea at the time. Hugel had to go—not so much because of his inexperience as for the thickness of the file concerning his opportunistic—to use a gentle word—endeavors in stock promotion.

With a friend like that, who would need enemies? Casey, as it turned out, had them in considerable number—an amalgam including senators irked by lack of consultation, top-level CIA insiders fretful over

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once again having an outsider imposed as head of the outfit, and sheer partisan intent to conjure up for the Reagan Administration the moral equivalent of a Bert Lance case. After a few harassing days, Casey succeeded in getting squared away with the Senate Committee on Intelligence—the Hugel indiscretion amnestied and an inquiry into his own financial activities shunted to a back burner.

The zealous rush to judgment in certain quarters suggests that Casey will continue for a while to be a watched man—but, one must hope, not overlong, for the task of shaping up the CIA to perform a function so centrally important to national security is enough to demand full energies and moral concern from a first-rate director. Such a director, moreover, must be one to command the President's confidence. The prerogative of filling the vital office should not devolve upon a coterie of CIA insiders and their confederates on the Senate committee and its staff.

Cuba, as Usual

Alexander Haig told the Armed Services Committee last week that arms shipments to Cuba are greater now than at any time since the Cuban missile crisis. Forty thousand tons of heavy equipment have been unloaded on the island so far this year, and a large Soviet warship is due for delivery.

Most of the shipments contain Eastern bloc arms destined for Nicaragua, an arrangement negotiated by East Germany and Nicaragua in Cuba this spring. Arms are also coming in from North Korea and Libya, via Algerian ships. Cuba's implausible statement that the arms are being used for a "territorial militia" to defend against a U.S. invasion is part of an official war hysteria that's being fanned in Guyana, Grenada, and Nicaragua as well. Daily, papers carry rumors of CIA sabotage; the landing of the Marines is imminent. Castro has even accused us of introducing some kind of deadly mosquito into his country. All this is a rationalization for the arms build-up to be used against neighboring countries—specifically, to bully Honduras and destabilize Costa Rica.

Nicaragua is isolated. Venezuela, Panama, and Costa Rica, at first friendly to the Sandinistas, have got scared, and are covertly doing what they can to undermine the Cuban invasion. Honduras and Colombia are hostile. El Salvador was a flop.

Having failed to negotiate a victory in Central America, as the Communists did in Vietnam, the Cubans are stockpiling weapons in Venezuela and Guyana, and routing tons of them to Nicaragua and El Salvador. Although the Soviet failure ratio has been high in the area, they need to deflect attention from Poland and Afghanistan. They desperately want an American military reaction in Central America. If we sit back too long, it may become obvious who the bad guys are.

"After they ate the oaks and birches, they started in on George."

The Tax Vote

Hello there, James M. Jeffords:
  There's one in every crowd.
While all your party voted, "Aye,"
  You bellowed, "No!" real loud.
Vermonters got a write-off
  On wood for all those stoves,
So when you run again I'll pray
  They stay inside—in droves.

W. H. VON DREELE

Timesman in China

Last May, A. M. Rosenthal, the executive editor of the *New York Times*, visited Mainland China, and in two splendid essays carried in the July 19 and July 26 *New York Times Magazine* he reports on what he saw and heard. His impressions are vivid and various, but the upshot politically is that the present Chinese leadership is attempting in a gingerly way to overcome the disastrous legacy of Mao.

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"China," writes Rosenthal, "had gone hugely, spectacularly wrong for two decades, beginning in the late 1950s." Mao, he thinks, "had been revealed to be not only tyrannical but possessed of a lunatic destructiveness still being measured in lost decades and lost dreams for China."

Quite properly, Rosenthal ridicules those Westerners who were enchanted with Mao's China and filed glowing reports about the eager workers, the splendid rural communes, and the Spartan, almost early-American, virtues of the hard-working Chinese. "Not all the Chinese were enchanted," Rosenthal dryly comments. But then a discordant thought enters the reader's mind. Rosenthal doesn't mention the names of any of those ga-ga Western reporters—but weren't some of them on . . . the *Times*? Wasn't one of them named . . . J---s R--t-n? Oh well, paternalism has its uses.

One other point concerning this essay deserves some reflection. Rosenthal visited a Chinese reform school. "We walked up a flight of stairs and entered a room where a dozen girls were fixing boxes. We were applauded on cue, and, a little embarrassed, I turned to one of the girls and asked her, through an interpreter, why she was there. She stood up immediately, looked straight at me with pain, and said loudly and firmly, 'My name is Ma Xiulan. I am 18 years old. I am here because I had affairs with boys.' Then the mask slid over her face and she had done her job correctly —to confess, to blame herself without showing improper emotion. To show grief might imply that the government's decision to put her in the reform school was wrong . . . Later, I was told that 'most' of the girls were there for having 'affairs' with boys—not prostitution, but the crime of sex without sanction."

Wow! At last, the *real* Moral Majority! Jeremiah Denton and Orrin Hatch had better go back to the drawing board.

Captain O'Neill

A thing of shreds and tatters, Tip
Has obviously lost his grip.
Though still commanding on the poop,
His mates display a weary droop,
While from amidships where the crew,
Now sullen, still repair to chew,
The scuttlebutt says by-and-by
He'll leave the ship like Captain Bligh.

W. H. VON DREELE

News Formula

Way back in 1972, far from regarding infant formula as a killer, the United Nations Protein Advisory Group urged that it be introduced as a supplement to breast-feeding, to reduce the numbers of infants dying of diseases related to malnutrition because their mothers were unable—owing to disease, starvation, or work—to breast-feed. The story of what has happened since then has been tracked down by Guy M. Hicks, a policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation.

In 1973, a British publication ran an interview with tropical medical experts Dr. R. G. Hendrickse and Dr. Dave Morley, entitled "The Baby Food Tragedy." The doctors charged that overzealous marketing of baby formula partly contributed to infant malnutrition, although Dr. Hendrickse added that "it would be a mistake if we believed that the drift away from breast-feeding is entirely due to advertising"; it also had to do with the need to work and insufficient milk production of mothers. Then things started rolling. A British charity organization published a special report titled "The Baby Killer" claiming that "Third World babies are dying because their mothers bottle-feed them with Western-style infant milk." This was pretty strong stuff. The implication was that Western standards were being forced on the rest of the world (shades of imperialism). The piece was translated into German with a new title putting things in perspective —"Nestlé Kills Babies."

Well, then, German filmmaker Peter Kreig flew to Kenya and shot a film attacking the use of infant formula which has since been called distorted and deliberately misleading by those who helped make it. The film was circulated by the National Council of Churches and other groups. CBS Reports, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Ralph Nader, and others took up the cause, and INFACT (Infant Formula Action Coalition) was formed.

It is true that in Third World countries infant formula is often prepared with impure water, and this leads to disease and dehydration. In a perfect world, this might have caused the World Health Organization and social activists to marshal their forces behind an effort to teach mothers to prepare the formula correctly. But this wouldn't have been nearly as romantic or "newsworthy" as fighting the corporate baby-killers. Instead, under the code passed by the WHO, with the U.S. as the sole dissenting vote, the services provided by the baby-formula industry to teach mothers to prepare the formula correctly will be eliminated. Only hospital and government workers will be allowed to demonstrate its preparation, overtaxing already overworked staffs at hospitals and clinics. The number of women who will be able to choose formula as a nutritious substitute will be greatly curtailed. If "Western" formulas are not available, women who cannot breast-feed will be forced to go back to the old native substitutes of cereal gruels of water and maize, rice or millet flours, crackers, sugar water, or mashed fruit. The nutritional quality of these foods is very low, and will leave the children fed on them open to the ravages of malnutrition.

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The recent vote by the WHO for an international code banning the advertising of infant formula contradicts the findings of WHO's own study showing that there is little evidence to suggest that women are using formula as a direct result of marketing techniques. The vote has been a show, an opportunity for activists and diplomats to compete in a contest of anti-Western machismo. Meanwhile, the real causes of starvation go unnoticed in all the hubbub of self-righteousness, and the infants of the Third World will have to wait a little longer before "Western"-style nutrition will help to alleviate their suffering.

The Baby Boom Giveth, The Baby Boom Taketh Away

Rock-and-roll is here to stay—that at least is the verdict of Ahmet Ertegun, record executive, quoted in a long article on popular music in *The New York Times Magazine*. "When rock-and-roll came in, it hit a nerve; it was what the American people wanted . . . the cotton-picker in Mississippi, the dockwalloper in New Orleans, the lumberjack in Washington, the gas-station attendant in Houston. . . . It was their music."

Except of course that rock-and-roll was *not* the music of cotton-wallopers and dockpickers, but of baby-boom teenagers, mostly white, mostly suburban, numerous, cantankerous, and flush with money as never before in history. But now the baby-boomers have aged, and their music has been domesticated by 27 years of familiarity. "Rock-and-roll," Mick Jagger confided to *Rolling Stone*, "promotes interfamilial tension. It used to. Now it can't even do that, because fathers don't ever get outraged with the music. . . . There is no future in rock-and-roll, only recycled past." And so—the *Times* catalogues the symptoms with lascivious glee—Frank Sinatra's most recent triple album has sold 500,000 copies, Linda Ronstadt is cutting an album of pre-rock golden oldies, Willie Nelson has issued his *second* album of same, and sometime, somewhere, the DJs will be spinning "Hey Jude" back to back with "Moonlight Serenade."

Robert Moses, R I P

Robert Moses was one of the great human experiences. The awesome vigor, intelligence, memory, resourcefulness, tenacity. He was not easy to deal with, and indeed his very last communication hereabouts, in response to a rejected manuscript, was to the effect that he had not expected such treatment from a friend. But, as John Kenneth Galbraith pointed out in his memoirs, the urge to create tends to outdistance the capacity to criticize, and toward the end what he wrote was often diffuse, as why indeed shouldn't it be when one is banging out speeches, essays, articles, and ideas at the age of ninety. Toward the end he was unfashionable, as the small-is-beautiful crowd took over. Much that Jane Jacobs, Robert Caro, et al. said was true. But reductionism is a sin at either end of the quarrel over great objectives (Moses) *v.* untouchable delicatessens (Jacobs). The Moses phenomenon is of particular interest to students of democratic politics. His skill was in getting things done athwart myriad opposing interests. Doing this, moreover, while others, his technical superiors, spent their time running for office. At one point he had so many portfolios, he probably could have declared a Third World War. But he spent his energy in building, more than any Pharaoh ever did—buildings, bridges, highways, parks, beaches, World's Fairs. He was a titanic personal force, a man of erudition and wit, organically incorruptible. When 25 years ago the lusty poet Roy Campbell died, Whittaker Chambers in this office wrote the obituary, which he titled, "Men Are Few." As much is rightly said about Robert Moses.

—WFB

René Wormser, R I P

The following is from an introduction by WFB to Mr. Wormser's last book.

We have all heard stories about industrious writers, men like Trollope who rose no matter the circumstances three hours earlier than his first appointment, clocking himself, 250 words per 15 minutes. Indeed in his diary (a diary on top of the fifty-odd books!) Trollope at one point notes that he finished one novel early in the morning, and began its successor later in the same day. A day that called him, full time, to his duties in the post office. I give you René Wormser in any contest for this kind of diligence.

René Wormser has written much of his extraordinary corpus of works *in the subway*. He was born shortly before the turn of the century, before the discovery of the forty-hour week. Born, moreover, in Santa Barbara, California, animated by that forward-inertia characteristic of that state.

Concerning his youth in California, and his background, at least two episodes are worth recalling. The first is that René's father was, of all things, an accomplished zitherist, if that is what one calls someone who plays the zither. So much so that he astonished and delighted Franz Liszt by arranging and then performing one of the Hungarian Fantasies for him.

A second episode, of allegorical significance, was the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. Wormser

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Now Comes the Hard Part

With tax cuts in place
  And budget cuts, too,
Investors will race,
  Responding on cue.
Inflation will sink;
  Efficiency, rise,
Though Keynesians think
  They're little white lies.

W. H. VON DREELE

père took a small handful of gold coins and gave them to his ten-year-old son, instructing him to travel north to see the great charred spectacle. He did so, and remembered the disfigured façade of the city's principal bank. It had fallen, revealing that the pillars that maintained its haughty presence were—synthetic. The veneer was marble; but it was only veneer. The rest was assorted bits of rock and sand, much on the order of the brummagem dollar that passes now in lieu of the handful of gold coins which gave the young Wormser security in his round trip to San Francisco. He came East and was schooled at Columbia, taking also his lawyer's degree there, and devoting himself furiously to the practice of law. In his profession, he is especially esteemed for his work in estate planning, in which field he has written several texts; yet no one who knows him thinks of him as that in particular, because his interests are comprehensive.

Early on, he cultivated the habit of using his time to some purpose. If one rides the subway in New York City from uptown to the commercial center downtown, one finds oneself with twenty minutes in hand—in which to do something. That something, for most people, is reading the *New York Daily News*, or protecting oneself, in the manner of cocoons, from the churlish culture of rush-hour subways. The notion, in that hurly-burly, of reading books, taking notes, and writing publishable copy would occur only to: well, René Wormser.

He was himself in the dark pages of the newspapers when he undertook, in 1953, to braintrust an investigation by a subcommittee headed by Mr. Carroll Reece, during that fleeting moment in modern history when the Republicans dominated Congress. That vast undertaking led the committee to conclude that there was a discernible bias in the distribution of foundation money, a bias in favor of state collectivism. The committee was furiously attacked, accused of attempting to harass the foundations in the spirit of McCarthyism. René Wormser countered with a thoughtful book, *Foundations, Their Power and Influence*. And although it cannot be safely said that the foundations' bias abruptly changed, there is no doubting that what evenhandedness there now is traces to a kind of nervous self-consciousness induced by the committee Mr. Wormser served as general counsel.

Now, in his eighties, Mr. Wormser confers on the Republic something on the order of an apopemptic address. It is a catalogue of maladies. Something on the order of what one might get if one submitted to a week at the Mayo Clinic during which the pathologist went feverishly to work, turning us over to a spiritual counselor who judged our behavior according to norms of right conduct. It is a melancholy body he finds, suffering from any number of complaints. But for virtually all of them—the good news!—there is in fact a remedy. The American Republic is not, in Wormser's view, suffering a necessary atrophy. There is strength there to rebuild, and Dr. Wormser, riding in his subway to work, explains, point by point, article by article, the indicated cures. We do well to take his counsel. He is acting as an estate planner, projecting the continuation of a free society, spirited, diverse, wise: a Republic in which are incorporated the outstanding virtues of the devoted American who wrote this book.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

At first I took issue with your use of the word "woo" in "On the Right," since the actions outlined in your column were those of seduction. But then some thought rendered an explanation for the interchangeability of "woo" and "seduction." Herewith:

One familiar with current vernacular will realize that a "foxy bitch" does not refer to 1) a female dog with resourceful cunning; but rather refers to 2) an alluring girl with a nasty disposition. Having achieved that level of consciousness, one can proceed to distinguishing between petting 2) as a merely platonic act of affection and petting *with* 2) as a preamble toward seduction. But it is only, you understand, an effort toward seduction if no confessions of love have been tendered the object of the initiative and, more importantly in contemporary times, if no flowers have been given at any time during the relationship. Flowers are very important at this level—ask anyone.

Such a seduction as outlined above when portrayed graphically in the cinema can be referred to as "blue woo." The courts have decided that "blue woo" in the presence of redeeming social value—flowers, maybe? —is okay. When it is okay, then one may drop the

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pejorative adjective, thereby leaving just plain "woo" (and never mind that it really is just plain seduction). So under the auspices of the Supreme Court one can freely substitute "woo" for "seduction."

Best regards,
David S. Heidler
Auburn, Ala.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

After reading your recent essay on "The Lost Art of Language," I mounted my chrome yellow 33.25 cc-wheel Sears Roebuck bike and rode 3.25 kilos down the pike to a typical American record store. There I found nine (9) typical American record buyers and interrogated them as to what they buy their records by.

Three of them admitted to buying them "by the bushel"; two of them said, "by the peck"; two of them, "by the gross." The eighth interrogatee huffed: "Say, what is this, anyway?" The ninth said, "Just looking," and clammed up.

N.B., Mr. Buckley: Not one of these American Record Buyers admitted to purchasing the platters of his/her cherce by the hectare. Not one of these ARB even knew what a hectare is—although a professional type (he was wearing a suit) mumbled something I didn't quite catch about some ancient Trojan hero who got dragged around the walls of ancient Troy an awfully long time ago.

Please, Mr. Buckley—stop hectaring us ARBs. And DON'T take us to your litre. OK?

Sincerely,
Doris M. Humphrey
Rockville, Md.

Dear Mrs. Humphrey: OK, and you stop hectoring the hectare, which is the basic (10,000 square meters per h.) metric unit to describe—acreage! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding the May 1 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and your recipe for "Supply-Side Economics Fudge":

We would like to comment, not only in defense of your fudge, but of Yoknapatawpha Press's forthcoming *Great American Writers' Cookbook*. In letters to the June 12 issue of the REVIEW, Mmes. Shupe and Patrick referred to your fudge—which occupies an honored place in our "Desserts" chapter—as a too salty (oceanic) recipe in a "fledgling cookbook."

The salt in the wound, as it were, is the saline content of your recipe as it appeared in the May 1 REVIEW. The original recipe which you sent us, however, and which has been committed to type for the cookbook now at the printer, is, appropriately, one *teaspoon* (or perhaps, er, ah, a pinch or two would do)—rather than the tablespoon measurement which accidentally appeared in your magazine.

We would like Mmes. Shupe and Patrick to know that not only is your fudge perfectly wonderful, each discrete globlet, but that the recipe has been tested by authentic, long-standing Southern cooks—fledglings *indeed!*—and although it may not be the best of all possible fudges, it is a credit to your unexpected culinary talents, to your fine father, Mr. Buckley Sr. (who paid for the ingredients many summers ago), to the "old ladies' institution in Sharon, Connecticut," where you sold your fudge for 65 cents per pound, and—most important—to the supply-side economics of our era, which are felt most acutely in our native Mississippi, where there have always been few supplies to begin with.

In future, as Southerners, we suggest to your readers, especially Mmes. Shupe and Patrick, that the proper quantity of one teaspoon of salt be used in making the Buckley fudge, and, possibly, that unreconstructed salt be considered as an alternative ingredient.

Respectfully,
Dean Faulkner Wells,
Editor—*The Great American Writers' Cookbook*
Lawrence Wells, Publisher
Willie Morris, Recipe Contributor and
Consultant on Salt and Other Short Supplies
Yoknapatawpha Press
Oxford, Miss.

P.S.: Perhaps you would like a sneak preview of Tom Wolfe's

THE TEN O'CLOCK COMPOTE

I'm not much of a cook. My one accomplishment in the kitchen has been my breakfast dish, which I eat 310 mornings each year. 1) The night before, put the contents of two bags of MARIANA EXTRA FANCY dried apricots, of a can of pitted prunes, and of a box of golden seedless raisins into a big bowl. Fill with water, add a half of a lemon and a tablespoon full of sugar, and let it stand overnight. 2) In the morning bring it to a low boil and let it boil for ten or 15 minutes. 3) Take out a cereal bowl and put about three tablespoons of roasted wheat germ in the bottom. Now spoon in six or seven apricots and prunes and garnish with the raisins. 4) On top of this put a layer of ALPEN cereal. Then a light layer of 100 per cent BRAN cereal. 5) Add milk. 6) Save the rest of the compote in the refrigerator for tomorrow . . . and tomorrow . . . and tomorrow . . .

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Hello! I am running for the President of the U.S.A. I would like your friendship and help. Bye.

Yours,
Louis Ramsey
1007 S. State St.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Ramsey: Hello! I urge you to enter all the Democratic primaries. You are manifestly better qualified than the most conspicuous contenders. Bye. Cordially, —WFB

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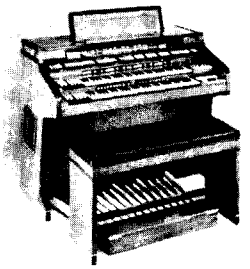

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The Current WISDOM

As Shevchenko Sees It

NEAL B. FREEMAN

He lives in a quiet, older neighborhood. The houses are well maintained, the lawns neatly trimmed. Graceful trees throw shadows over the sidewalks where the kids tool around on tricycles and the pets are meticulously curbed. His pretty wife, a daughter of the Confederacy, tends the fine backyard garden and keeps a warm and happy, appliance-bedecked home. From first appearances, Arkady Shevchenko is all but indistinguishable from your average American.

It was not always that way with Shevchenko, of course. Up until April 1978 he had been considered indistinguishable from his colleagues in the top echelon of the Soviet foreign-policy establishment. A protégé of Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Shevchenko, still only fifty, had advanced quickly through the bureaucratic thicket to the post of Ambassador Extraordinary; he also became Under Secretary General of the United Nations, taking charge of Security Council affairs, disarmament issues, and, as he says, "other political matters." Some Kremlinologists had him pegged as Gromyko's successor. When Shevchenko broke with the Kremlin three years ago, then, the china commenced to rattle in New York, Moscow, and other world capitals.

After an unseemly struggle for proprietary rights between "the Agency" and "the Bureau," Arkady Shevchenko settled down to an extended dialogue with American intelligence agents. Authoritative word has it that Shevchenko has not disappointed his interlocutors. As a world-class talker, he is both conceptually imaginative and anecdotally revealing. His "conversations with the authorities" continued for 18 months. (Persistent rumors that Shevchenko had been working for Uncle long before 1978, and that his defection thus represented a setback for U.S. intelligence, will be confronted in a book that Shevchenko is now writing for a New York publisher.) Now that he has paid his dues, so to speak, to his host government, he seems ready to offer his views to a wider audience. His agreement to discuss issues with us is one indication.

Speaking a nuanced, idiomatic English, his fourth language, Shevchenko made these points in our long interview:

On Afghanistan. Western press coverage has been "unrelieved nonsense." The Soviet invasion had nothing to do with petropolitics or Moscow's hunger for a warm-water port. The Afghan Communists were fragmenting, with the pro-Chinese faction gaining power. Such a flanking movement "to the left of the Soviets" could not be tolerated. The Soviets had to go in, but in doing so they made a tactical mistake. They didn't realize they would have to use regular troops to put down the rebels.

On the Soviet Mission to New York. There are eight hundred Soviet personnel in New York attached to various offices. Of these, four hundred are either KGB or GRU (military intelligence).

On "The Spike." Part of it, according to Shevchenko, is on the button—the part that describes Soviet disinformation activities. "That's exactly the way the Soviets do it." But the part about the Soviet timetable for taking over the world is "absurd." "The Soviet foreign ministry doesn't know what it will do next month."

On Castro. In the early days of the Cuban revolution the Soviets did not trust Fidel Castro. It was not until Khrushchev came to New York in 1960 for the Harlem meeting that Castro managed to pass muster. Whereas Raúl Castro had always been highly regarded, and whereas Che Guevara was "out in front of the Soviets" in revolutionary fervor, Fidel, Shevchenko maintains, might have evolved with careful American cultivation into a social democrat "whom the Communists would have considered a traitor."

On Central America. Che had accused the Soviets of not being "real Communists" because of Moscow's caution in the Caribbean. Proceeding incrementally, the Soviets had counseled Fidel to rebuild Cuba before undertaking to export the revolution. According to Shevchenko, "In Latin America today, the Soviets have caught up."

On the CPUSA. Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin is obliged to turn in periodic reports on the performance of the Party here in the States. It's a frustrating task for the Soviet diplomat. The last report he saw, Shevchenko giggles, summed up the situation as "dismal."

China. At the time of our interview, Alexander Haig had just returned from Peking. Shevchenko was highly enthusiastic about the way in which the Secretary of State had played the China card and argued for additional American initiatives in the Far East. Given Soviet problems in Afghanistan and Poland, "now is the time to move."

Poland. Quite simply: "A disaster! Yesterday, today, and tomorrow—a disaster for the Soviets!" Groping for ways to convey the hugeness of the problem for the Soviets, he adds, "Afghanistan is not even comparable." And then again, "Poland affects everything—the empire [!], the economy, ultimate Soviet goals." If the Poles diminish the role of the Party, if they loosen ties to Moscow, if they permit free trade unions, they will succeed in establishing independence from Moscow. In just a year or two the *entire* Polish army could break away from Soviet command. In a year or two a new nation could begin to take shape; if the Soviets don't move now they could soon be confronting "a nation like France." But invading Poland is altogether different from invading Hungary or Czechoslovakia. Poland is "a huge country, the largest in the Warsaw bloc; the population is anti-Russian—the Poles will never forget 1939—more religious, more international. Not even the elites are doctrinally orthodox." Additionally, the Poles are "more clever than the Hungarians. The U.S. will never come to Poland's rescue—but the Poles know it."

Arkady Shevchenko is beginning to share his opinions on a number of subjects . . . just like any other American. □

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Disarming Tactics

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

DISARMAMENT IS the ultimate cart-and-horse question. Do you disarm because a threat to peace has receded? Or do you disarm to reduce tension and thus reduce threats to peace?

There has never been any doubt where this column stands on the matter. I do have an innate preference for putting the horse in front of, not behind, the cart. In other words, it is futile and dangerous to disarm until the causes of tension and the threats to peace have been either removed or substantially reduced. As for unilateral disarmament, especially in nuclear weapons, it would instantly raise by a power of ten the threat of nuclear annihilation by leaving the aggressive superpower with a monopoly of the means of intercontinental mass destruction.

If I may be allowed a painful analogy, does anybody seriously suppose that President Truman would have sanctioned the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki if he had known that the consequence might be the obliteration of areas of New York or Chicago by vengeful Nippons in possession of the A-bomb?

Unfortunately, these arguments, acceptable to me as self-evident verities, are totally rejected by hundreds of thousands, and possibly millions, of Europeans, many of them young enough to have known nothing but the postwar affluence made possible by the long peace of mutual deterrence. This state of mind is compounded of pacifism and neutralism, and characterized by a blanket rejection of the new generation of medium-range nuclear weapons officially known as Theater Nuclear Forces (TNF). This is what Alexander Haig was up against when he made his excellent statement on arms negotiations before the Foreign Policy Association in New York in mid-July.

Naturally, the enormous Soviet propaganda machine, unhindered by any Western countervailing program, exploits this state of mind for all it is worth; but the Soviets, even if we credit their disinformation experts with diabolical cleverness, did not invent it. This state of mind exists in its own right, self-generated.

The Soviet "peace" campaign is one of the major problems faced today by the Western Alliance, for if it succeeds, the accuracy and sophistication of the cruise missile and of Pershing II will be totally irrelevant. If the Europeans refuse in the end—that is, by mid-1983—to deploy them, they will be so much worthless military junk, and the 750 warheads of the Soviet SS-20s already deployed, as Haig pointed out, will rule the roost in Europe.

Indeed one may go further: non-deployment will probably spell the end of the Alliance. The Yanks will go home, to the pleasure of European pacifists and neutralists, and of American isolationists, while Western Europe does pretty much what Moscow decrees.

Some observers believe the battle is already lost, that nothing can be done to counter the rapid rebirth of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in Britain and the mass antinuclear demonstrations in West Germany, powerfully aided by the German Evangelical Church and by the big-circulation magazines, *Der Spiegel* (which runs a viciously anti-American article weekly on this theme) and *Stern*.

Hopeful Straws

The optimist in me refuses to accept the inevitability of defeat, even in the face of the strange apathy of Western governments. There are hopeful straws in the wind. In Holland, where the pacifist wave runs strong, a Peace, Defense, and Disarmament Foundation has sprung up in the private sector, with clear evidence that it knows all about the relative priorities of carts and horses. In Germany, some enterprising people have set up a "Peace Forum" (the Bonner Friedensforum) which declares its belief that peace is best safeguarded by a nuclear balance.

More surprisingly, powerful support for sanity has come from the new French President, François Mitterrand, who has declared without ambiguity or saving clauses that the deployment of the SS-20s has created a dangerous imbalance in Europe, and that the time to negotiate with the Soviets will be *after* the balance has been restored by the deployment of the TNF in Western Europe.

Is President Mitterrand, then, a crypto-conservative, despite the presence of four Communists in his government? I think not, but I do think that this forthright stance illustrates the difference between being an opposition leader and being the chief of one's country. In opposition, Mitterrand led a Socialist delegation to Moscow in 1975 and committed himself to long-term collaboration with the Soviet Communist Party in the interests of peace and disarmament. In power, he can take a stronger line.

Mitterrand Surprises

When all is said and done, it is nevertheless refreshing to find a Socialist President in effect publicly dissociating himself from the pernicious line taken by Mitterrand's friend Willy Brandt as chairman of the Socialist International. The German Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, fighting an uphill battle against the pro-Soviet left wing of his own Social Democratic Party, is overjoyed at this support from France, especially as Mitterrand and he were not on particularly intimate terms before the Frenchman came to high office.

In Washington some weeks earlier, Schmidt had pleaded in vain for the Reagan Administration to press on with arms-control negotiations with the Soviets, without waiting for the new weapons to be deployed. Now here is President Mitterrand, brushing aside the idea of simultaneous negotiations, and even of any negotiations at all, until NATO has built up its strength and restored the balance.

The French of course do have their own deterrent, which may not impress the Pentagon but is pretty formidable all the same. Nobody has suggested that France (which remains in the Alliance, though outside of NATO's integrated organization) should deploy the TNF, and it is therefore politically easier for Mitterrand to suggest that other countries should do so. Whatever the reasons for the French stand, it is welcome and suggests that the battle is not yet lost. □

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THE GREAT HELMSMAN'S LACKEY

THE FORGETTABLE HUA KUO-FENG

WARREN C. H. KUO with MARY McSHERRY

EVERYONE WHO HAS READ George Orwell's *1984* will remember that chilling tenet of The Party: the mutability of history. The Sixth Plenum of the Chinese Communist Party, which began on June 30, might have been stage-managed by Orwell to show how that mutability works in "rectifying" the past. Chairman Hua was first blown up to super-life-size to fit the expediency of the moment, then—while standing in plain sight—he is made to disappear.

In the coup of October 6, 1976 Hua Kuo-feng (or Hua Guofeng, as his name appears in the new system of transliteration now widely used in the West) emerged as the triumphant hero who had successfully exorcized the Gang of Four headed by Mao Tse-tung's widow, Chiang Ching. Four days later Teng Hsiao-ping (Deng Xiaoping) wrote Hua a letter expressing his submission to the "Party's sagacious and brilliant leader." Hua appeared to be the man of power in Communist China. He was Mao's heir. He was both Premier and Party Chairman. He was (according to Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, the Minister of National Defense) the man who would "lead the country and the Party into the twenty-first century."

Today Hua is—nowhere. The Sixth Plenum named Hu Yao-pang Party Chairman. Chao Tze-yang has been Premier since September 1980. Teng Hsiao-ping remains the power behind the throne, and Hua, now a junior Vice Chairman, sits uneasily, well below the salt. That he maintains a seat at all is, one suspects, only to allow Teng to present the illusion of unity at the top. Hua is a prop that can at any moment be carted off the stage. Then all that remains is the final Orwellian step: to become an unperson, as with Liu Shao-ch'i, Mao's first favorite, and Lin Piao, his second.

Before we speculate further about Hua's future, let us trace his history. It came as a surprise when, after Chou En-lai's death in January of 1976, Hua Kuo-feng was named Acting Premier of the People's Republic of China (PRC). China-watchers, let alone the general run of newsmen, were not prepared for the announcement. Even in Peking, many asked, "Why Hua?"

Hua was born in 1921 in Chiao Cheng, a small town not far from Taiyuan, the capital city of Shansi. Its proximity to Taiyuan is the town's only outstanding feature. Of Hua's formal education we know only that he entered junior high school. By the time he was 17, in 1938, he had joined the Communist Party in Chiao Cheng. He became Secretary of the Party there sometime before 1947.

Hua was never in the army, but during the bitter Nationalist-Communist fighting of 1947-49 he attached himself to the Communist forces and moved with them from Shansi Province down to Hunan. Hunan was Mao country, the right place to be. And coming with the victorious army was the right way for an outsider to enter.

By 1951 Hua had moved up to the Party secretaryship of Hsiang Tan County—Mao's birthplace. He was on a low rung of the right ladder, in position to attract the only attention that really mattered.

In 1957 he was promoted to Party Secretary of Hsiang Tan District, a larger area. The next year he became both Deputy Provincial Governor of Hunan and a Party Secretary in Hunan Province. That same year he took charge of the Shao Shan Irrigation Engineering Project. The year after this appointment, Mao came to visit his native village. He and Hua met, and Hua held the Irrigation Engineering post through 1966—the years of the Cultural Revolution.

IF WE KNEW nothing else about Hua Kuo-feng, this tells us a great deal. To hold onto an office during the Cultural Revolution a man had to be unusually powerful and adroit or be recognized as an unquestioning follower of Mao. In 1967, Hua became Deputy Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of Hunan Province.

To understand the importance of this post, one has to remember that during the Cultural Revolution, *all* the original executive committees were abolished. This Revolu-

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tionary Committee replaced *all* former government agencies in Hunan. The deputy chairmanship was an ideal spot for proving loyalty to Mao and an ideal springboard for a great leap upward. In 1969, Hua made the leap; as detractors would later put it, "He rose in a helicopter." He became a member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP). The next year he became the most important man in Hunan: First Secretary of the Hunan CCP. In 1973, he became a member of the Politburo; in 1975, seventh Vice Premier of the country. Technically, six Vice Premiers outranked him, including Teng Hsiao-ping, Vice Premier number one. But concurrently Hua became Minister of Public Security, the post that commands the police and secret service. This last position made it unlikely that any of the six ranking Vice Premiers would speak against him very loudly or very publicly.

There were, of course, men in China of greater renown and greater popularity than Hua during the years of his ascent. Prior to the Cultural Revolution, there was President Liu Shao-ch'i. But when Liu began to look too popular to Mao, history was rectified. Errors Liu had made dating back to the Twenties suddenly came to light. Liu stood revealed as "a Khrushchev in our midst," and shortly thereafter disappeared.

Then there was Lin Piao, whose final days are still wrapped in mystery. Whether he actually tried to initiate a coup to kill Mao and whether he died in a plane crash while fleeing to Russia will perhaps never be known. What is known is that up until 1971 Mao seemed to regard Lin as his heir apparent.

After the announcement of Lin's death, the second strongest man in the PRC was Chou En-lai. But Chou was a dying man whose only purpose was to secure as a successor to Mao someone who held his own views. His candidate was Teng Hsiao-ping. Although discredited during the Cultural Revolution, Teng, with Chou's backing, was made first Vice Premier in 1973. Logically, he should have become Premier upon Chou's death.

But he did not. With Chou dead, Mao called on Hua. Why is uncertain. A number of China-watchers believe that Mao meant for Hua to be an interim appointee. He was to be used, this contention goes, to bypass Teng, whom Mao distrusted. Later on, the second Vice Premier, Chang Chun-chiao, one of the Gang of Four, would be named Premier. This would strengthen the position of Chiang Ching, Mao's wife and his choice for next Party Chairman.

If this was indeed Mao's original plan, it didn't come off. The turning point was the Tienanmen Incident.

Tienanmen, a large square in the center of Peking, is often used for demonstrations. Sometimes these demonstrations are organized by the CCP; sometimes they are not. The demonstration of April 5, 1976 was not planned by the Party. It took the form of a memorial tribute to Chou En-lai, whose monument is in the square. On April 6, Chou would have been dead for three months. April 5 was tomb-sweeping day, a day to pay homage to the dead. But those who streamed to the base of Chou's monument that day were carrying more than flowers; they were carrying a protest.

To extol Chou En-lai at this time was to denigrate Mao and his favorite disciples, the Gang of Four. It was to question the Maoist Thought that underlay the Cultural Revolution: that contradiction is permanent and chaos the driving force behind progress. In a not too subtle fashion it was to call attention to the bypassing of Chou's selected first Vice Premier, Teng Hsiao-ping. At the very least, it was to give evidence of disunity.

During the late afternoon and the evening of April 5, the flowers piled up at Tienanmen. Groups gathered. They sang songs. They made speeches. They recited poems. They waved banners. They put up large posters. The police did not interfere.

But Mao Tse-tung read the deeper meaning in Tienanmen. During the night, the flowers, the banners, the posters disappeared. By dawn on April 6, no evidence of a tribute to Chou remained in the empty square.

When the crowd assembled on April 6, it was angry. As Minister of Public Security, Hua Kuo-feng was in charge of the police. This was an opportunity to demonstrate his loyalty to Mao. It is not known how many of the protestors in Peking and other major cities died to make his point, but the point was made: Mao could count on Hua.

Then on October 6, with Mao not yet a month dead, Hua had Chiang Ching and her lieutenants arrested. Hua had rescued the country from the Gang of Four

On April 6, Hua and Chiang Ching called on Mao to report two things: the demonstration had been suppressed, and its ringleader was Teng.

On April 7, Mao made two recommendations to the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. The first was that Hua be appointed first Vice Chairman of the Party and Premier. The second was that Teng Hsiao-ping be stripped of all Party and government positions leaving him only his Party membership.

In the five months between April 7 and his death on September 9, Mao regarded Hua as a man of unswerving loyalty. Earlier on, Mao had tried to enlist Chou's help in establishing Chiang Ching as the next Party Chairman. After Chou refused, Mao had sounded out Teng, again unsuccessfully. Then came Tienanmen—and Hua. A number of China-watchers believe that the oft-quoted note from Mao to Hua —"With you in charge, I am at ease"—refers to what Mao thought was Hua's agreement to back Chiang Ching for the chairmanship. The next line of the note—"If you have any questions, ask Chiang Ching"—reinforces this view, for why would the new Premier have to clear things with Chiang Ching unless she were more important than he? (The above are the usual translations, by the way; in fact, it is interesting to note that there is no idiom in Chinese for *in charge*. The line should read: *with you doing the work*—or doing the job—*I am at ease*.)

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Then on October 6, with Mao not yet a month dead, Hua had Chiang Ching and her lieutenants arrested. Hua had rescued the country from the Gang of Four.

On the surface, Hua's position looked secure. By getting Chiang Ching out of the way, Hua had cleared the route to his own chairmanship of the Party, but he had also incurred the enmity of all those thousands who had risen to power under Chiang Ching during the Cultural Revolution. A month earlier, after Tienanmen, Teng Hsiao-ping had fled to Canton, planning a coup against Chiang Ching *and* Hua. That Teng was able to find support for this coup indicated that Hua was far from everyone's favorite and, indeed, Teng had in his corner the most powerful men of the South: General Hsu Shih-yu, Commandant of the Canton Military Region; Chao Tze-yang (now Premier), Political Commissar of the Cheng Tu Military Region in Szechuan; Liao Han-sheng, Political Commissar of the Nanking Military Region; Liao Chih-kao, Political Commissar of the Foochow Military Region; and Chang Ping-fu, Minister for Propaganda.

NOT AT THE meeting, but sympathetic to the coup, were all four of the marshals of the Chinese army: Yeh Ching-ying, Hsu Hsiang-chien, Liu Po-cheng, and Nieh Jung-cheng. It is known that Teng went to Mei Hsien, where the Minister of Defense, Marshal Yeh, was staying, and reported to him on the proceedings. A meeting was planned to set up a provisional Central Committee to oppose the Central Committee in Peking. Before this could take place, however, Mao died, and Marshal Yeh returned to Peking to play another role.

There, he backed Hua Kuo-feng for the chairmanship of the Communist Party. It may be that he simply preferred Hua to Teng, whom (it is said) he had come to regard as power-mad. It may be that he rated the removal of Chiang Ching as the first order of business and thought Hua was in a better position, as Premier, to move against her. It may even be that he favored Teng and was using Hua as a broom to sweep out the Gang of Four.

Whatever the reason, Yeh's action was masterly. It checkmated Chiang Ching; it obviated the necessity for an armed coup; and it put the onus of turning against Mao's widow on Hua.

Hua must have seen the danger in the move, but undoubtedly he saw a greater danger in not moving. With Mao dead, anyone linked to the Cultural Revolution was in trouble. But if the blame for the Cultural Revolution could be lifted from Mao and laid squarely on Chiang Ching and the Gang of Four . . . the prospects were dazzling; Hua would be both Premier and Party Chairman. It was a long way from Chiao Cheng.

With Hua's approval, Marshal Yeh moved one division to the Peking area. The purpose was to put down military opposition, should any arise in support of Chiang Ching.

The scene was now set. On October 5, 1976, the Politburo convened. Marshal Yeh moved that Hua be appointed Chairman of the Party. Chiang Ching opposed the motion, pointing out that no one could be made Chairman without approval by a plenary session of the Party. No one denied that she was correct, and no action was taken.

On October 6, Marshal Yeh told Chiang Ching and Wang Hung-wen of the Gang of Four that Hua wished them to come to the office of the Military Commission at six in the evening to discuss the convening of a plenary session. They came, and were arrested. Hua Kuo-feng, in another office, followed the action through closed-circuit television. Big Brother Is Watching You.

This was Hua's apogee. The Cultural Revolution had left a legacy of confusion and inter-Party feuds. The country was blighted by a shortage of trained middle-level personnel and by the sort of inertia that is the inevitable child of repression. It would have taken a genius to succeed Mao under such circumstances, and Hua is no genius.

Hua first tried to keep Teng submerged in a post-Tienanmen limbo. But Teng's associates in the abortive Canton coup were too many and too powerful. Those who might have rallied to Hua—other "helicoptered" Cultural Revolution cadres—mistrusted him and kept a prudently low profile. Bending before the wind, in March of 1977, Hua announced at a work conference of the Central Committee that the Gang of Four had framed Teng and that all the falsified charges against him should be expunged. Teng's

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rehabilitation was confirmed by the Third Plenum of the Tenth CCPCC (Chinese Communist Party Central Committee) in July 1977, thus opening the way to a reassessment of the Tienanmen Incident. Now Hua was threatened with his own past, and Teng and his supporters bore in. The Cultural Revolution, the failure of the communes, Tienanmen, the dislocation of great segments of the people—these ruthless follies of Mao had left a great reservoir of hatred for the late Chairman. And Hua's major credential was that he was Mao's hand-picked heir.

Hua tried to get around his connection with the evils of the past by blaming all the failures, all the horrors on the Gang of Four. If Mao was not to blame, then Hua was not to blame. It was a logical move, and it won the support of such Party stalwarts as Marshal Yeh and Hsiao Ching-kuang, then Commander of the Navy and Vice Minister of

For the Reagan Administration, this may be the moment to provide Taiwan with the planes it seeks—and can pay for

National Defense. They took the line that Mao had to be upheld because to repudiate Mao was to repudiate the very foundations of the Party. This group became known as the *whateverists*, a reflection of Hua's doctrine: "Whatever policies Mao laid down should be resolutely defended; whatever instructions he had given should be steadfastly abided by."

The whateverists strove to demonstrate that Mao's mistakes were not representative of Mao's Thought. Mao the man, they hedged, might have made mistakes, but Mao's Thought was unquestionable.

But not everyone agreed with the proposition. In May of 1978, Teng announced a new doctrine: "Practice is the sole criterion of truth"—i.e., the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Between July 1978 and February 1980, while gaining support for his new "practice" doctrine, Teng had a number of Hua's chief supporters replaced both at the provincial level and in the Central Committee. Ostensibly they were removed because of past connection with the Gang of Four, but the end result for Hua was the same: he was becoming isolated. By the time of the Fifth Plenum of the Eleventh CCPCC in February 1980, Teng had replaced enough of Hua's supporters to get on with the de-deification of Mao.

Like an updating of an old movie, the past was rerun, and re-edited. The demonstration of Tienanmen had already, in November 1977, been reappraised and hailed as a "correct revolutionary act." Now, with a majority of practice-advocates, the Central Committee would discover that other acts that had been condemned should have been applauded, and some that had been applauded should have been condemned. Among the latter was the success of the Tachai showcase agricultural commune, which Mao had immortalized with the slogan, "In agriculture, learn from Tachai." Tachai, Teng's supporters now held, had not been a success. Its figures had been falsified. Anyone who had extolled Tachai had been in error.

As recently as December 1976—as everyone on the Plenum knew—Hua had himself planned and presided at a national conference on Tachai, holding it up as a great agricultural inspiration. With history being rewritten, there was no way Hua could keep his own story from being rectified. It was no longer a question of whether the man Teng had once called a "sagacious and brilliant leader" was going to disappear. It was only a matter of how.

The method Teng selected for the first scene of Hua's disappearing act was simple. At the Third Session of the Fifth National People's Congress, held between August 30 and September 10, 1980, a new principle was adopted. There was to be a separation between the Party and the government. Sound reasons were given for this: it would permit the participation of greater numbers; it would avoid the overloading of a few men with excessive work. Also—a reason not given, but well understood—it would require Hua Kuo-feng to give up either the Party chairmanship or the office of Premier. Hua resigned as Premier. Chao Tze-yang, waiting in the wings as Vice Premier, took over. But Hua still held the more important office of Party Chairman.

It was now four years since the arrest of the Gang of Four, and still they had not come to trial. Much of the delay had stemmed from Chiang Ching's refusal to agree to the charges leveled against her. During the pre-trial interrogations, she insisted that she and the other three had *not* acted independently. All they had done, she reiterated, was to follow Mao's orders. This created a great awkwardness for the Communist Party, for, in effect, Chiang Ching's insistence would mean putting Mao on trial—tantamount to trying the Party. Hence the scope of the trial was broadened to include the Lin Piao clique, the ringleaders of which were conveniently dead. By bringing action against this group, accused of plotting to kill Mao, the Party intended to build up Mao's image and preserve it from the tearing down that could result from Chiang Ching's testimony.

THIS ATTEMPT to shine up Mao's image did have the side-effect of keeping some of the tarnish off Hua. Undoubtedly both Teng and Hua realized this. Teng must also have realized that with Marshal Yeh, who had supported Hua for the Party chairmanship, still Commissar of the Politburo, it was unwise to proceed too blatantly. So Teng attacked obliquely. He reviewed the fifty indictments against the Gang of Four. Twelve of them concerned the Tienanmen Incident. These were dropped. The reason: if the police action in Tienanmen was publicly investigated, Hua Kuo-feng would be seen to have been involved in anti-revolutionary action. Hence, in order not to implicate Hua, the indictments would be dropped. But dropping the indictments, of course, underlined them, an old and clever ploy.

In November of 1980, the trial of the Gang of Four was

(Continues on page 980)

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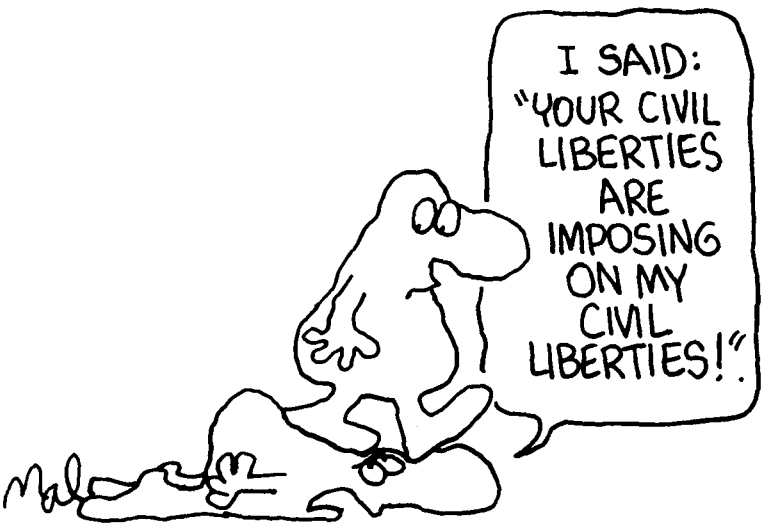
help!!!!



Mr. Carter Surfaces

Human rights, he said, are sinking;
  Arms control's gone down the drain;
All the sick and heavy-laden
  Are enduring too much pain;
The environment's a shambles . . .
  (Did you hear him thump that tub?)
Then the current sucked him under
  And the last I heard was, *Glub*.

W. H. VON DREELE

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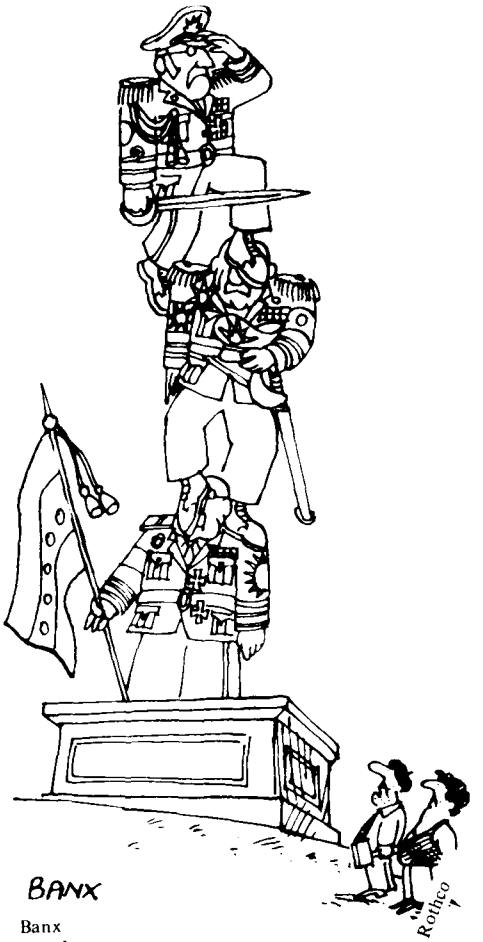
"I'm not so sure this spraying is a bad thing. I'm getting a terrific high."



Banx

"I don't think I could take another coup d'état."

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BLACKMAIL

That Soviet Gas Pipeline To the West

MILES COSTICK

ONE OF THE POINTS President Reagan was most concerned to make at Ottawa had to do with the Soviet proposal to build a natural-gas pipeline from northwestern Siberia to Western Europe. As Mr. Reagan pointed out, this proposal presents a dangerous threat to the unity of the Atlantic Alliance, for it would bring about a) increased Western European economic dependence on Soviet energy and b) a solution of the Soviet Union's impending energy crisis. The former could lead to the Finlandization of Western Europe; the latter would mean the Soviet Union could afford to emphasize the military sector of its economy.

Although Chancellor Schmidt was not prepared to acknowledge it, there is another choice. Viable and secure alternative energy sources for Western Europe do exist. The Soviet proposal is not the only or even the most attractive option.

The Sting

The Soviet plan is to build a 3,500-mile pipeline from natural-gas fields near the city of Yamburg on the Yamal peninsula, across the northern tundra, through Eastern Europe to Austria and West Germany. There it will link up with an existing distribution network supplying natural gas to the whole of Western Europe. To finance the pipeline and the facilities needed to exploit the Yamburg gas reserves, the Soviets want to borrow from financial institutions in Western Europe and Japan. With these funds, they will purchase from their creditor nations large-diameter seamless pipe, maintenance and operation equipment, heavy-duty arctic construction equipment, and various services currently unavailable in the Soviet bloc. Upon completion of the pipeline, the Soviets will repay the loan by exporting to Western Europe a "guaranteed" 1.5 trillion cubic feet of natural gas per year at whatever the prevailing prices are then on the world market.

For some time now, the Soviets have engaged in intensive negotiations with governments, financial institutions, gas utilities, and steel pipe and construction equipment concerns in West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Austria, Spain, England, the United States, and Japan. Steel and construction firms, facing a tight world market, underutilized plant capacity, and intense international competition, are eager to enter into what appear to be lucrative supply contracts. Natural-gas distributors, eager to diversify their sources of supply, find Soviet gas exports an attractive proposition. The Western European governments, while wary of the Soviet Union's true intentions, want to lessen their dependence on the Middle East and the Persian Gulf for energy needs. The immediate boost the deal would give to key national industries and general employment figures is yet another reason to move ahead on the Soviet proposal.

While there have been protests in all these countries against the pipeline, the major roadblocks thus far have been the financial institutions that would have to come up with the hard cash. With world interest rates now between 11 and 14 per cent, bankers are not wholly enthusiastic over the prospect of loaning the Soviet Union $15 billion at 7.75 per cent, to be repaid over ten years with a grace period equal to the time necessary to build the line. The twenty-bank consortium of West Germany, responsible for $6 billion in possible loans and considered the financial community's leader in the negotiations, is balking at these terms.

Up to now, West Germany and the other governments that would be most affected by huge imports of Soviet natural gas have minimized the political and military implications of the deal. The West German government, for example, maintains that Soviet natural gas will never amount to more than 30 per cent of their gas imports. The government further maintains that Soviet natural gas will account for only 5 per cent of West Germany's total energy consumption. The same percentages, it is estimated, would pertain for Western Europe as a whole.

But there are strong reasons to believe that these figures underrate the role Soviet natural gas will play in the Western European energy picture when the pipeline is completed. Take West Germany. It will import 425 to 550 billion cubic feet per year (bcf/yr) of natural gas from the Soviet Union if the pipeline is completed. This represents as much as 7 per cent of West Germany's total demand, a small, but very important, amount. The precise percentage that Soviet natural gas would supply, however, should not be the main focus of debate: 1.5 trillion cubic feet is lots of natural gas, and there will be political consequences regardless.

The various sources of energy (natural gas, petroleum, coal, hydroelectric, and nuclear) are not readily interchangeable. West Germany's primary consumers of natural gas are the chemical, petrochemical, and steel industries. None of the alternative sources could be rapidly substituted for natural gas in the event of any significant curtailment of supply, because the power-generating facilities of these industries are not configured to use those sources. They could be modified to use some of those alternative sources, but the modification process would take at least six months to complete, and probably longer.

For all practical purposes, if Soviet natural gas were cut off for any reason, technical or political, other natural-gas supplies would have to be found. Yet no significant "spot market" for natural gas exists; 425 bcf/yr will not be available on short notice. Any adequate stockpiling of natural gas would be prohibitively expensive.

The rapid repercussions any sudden cutback of Soviet natural gas would have on West Germany's economy con-

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tain the seeds of immense political vulnerability. The dependence of West German industries on Soviet natural gas, combined with a growing reliance of these same industries on exports to the Soviet bloc, would create a pressure point for Soviet manipulation.

Eastward, Ho

In the worst case, the Soviets could threaten to cut all economic relations between West Germany and the bloc, including exports of natural gas, and plunge West Germany into economic chaos. Far more likely, the West German leadership, understanding the extent of its dependence and vulnerability, would adopt policies more in line with the Soviet platform. In short, Finlandization. West Germany, let us remember, was unwilling to join the American-led embargo of the Soviet Union following the Soviet army's invasion of Afghanistan.

Project this scenario to all of Western Europe, and what you have is a very dangerous possible future for the Atlantic Alliance. A splitting of NATO, which could result from this situation, would leave the industrial democracies without the unified will to resist Soviet aggression.

Equally serious, by helping the Soviet Union to solve inexpensively one of its fundamental long-term strategic problems—its looming energy crisis—the Western democracies would be subsidizing an otherwise inefficient economy which supports a totalitarian society bent on world domination.

Soviet reserves and production of petroleum are falling off. Increased reserves and production of natural gas are intended to replace the petroleum shortfall and provide for projected growth in Soviet energy demand, including exports. Recent studies suggest, though, that the Soviet Union faces a long-term energy shortage which stems, not from a lack of proved natural-gas reserves, but from severe deficiencies in prospecting, production, tertiary recovery, and transportation technologies.

This is particularly true of technologies to deal with adverse climatic conditions, such as those in Siberia, where most Soviet energy sources are located. The Yamal pipeline project would necessarily involve transfer from the West of the sophisticated prospecting, drilling, and pumping technologies applicable to permafrost environments. The pipeline project offers a comprehensive solution to a problem the Soviets could otherwise only solve through a massive redeployment of economic, technical, and human resources—resources now devoted to the Soviet military-industrial complex.

This two-pronged threat, economic and military, to the Atlantic Alliance must be stopped. American leadership is crucial in this regard. U.S. policy should be aimed at reimposing the Western embargo on high-technology exports to the Soviet Union instituted after the invasion of Afghanistan.

As a first step, the Reagan Administration should withdraw the validated export licenses granted to Caterpillar Tractor and International Harvester. This can be done legally under the 1979 Export Administration Act and would involve only minimal losses to those corporations, mainly administrative costs related to preliminary talks with the Soviets and the export license application process. Immediate action in this regard would put both America's allies and the Soviet Union on notice that the new President is serious about maintaining Western resolve and will pursue a coherent policy toward that end. In addition, the President should exercise his leadership in the alliance by inducing the United States' allies to reimpose their embargoes. This is what President Reagan emphasized to Chancellor Helmut Schmidt in Ottawa.

If . . . If . . . If . . .

This will not be an easy task. West Germany and France will be particularly difficult to persuade. But France has a history of independence from superpower influence and may come to realize that overly close ties with the Eastern economies could represent a threat to its independent position. If Japan can be convinced that other states will not simply pick up business deals Japan declines, it may return to the embargo as well. Great Britain and Canada can be counted upon so long as the United States itself follows the embargo scrupulously. If the rest of the alliance holds firm, West Germany will begin to feel isolated and may re-examine its policies.

American insistence that Western Europe withdraw from negotiations with the Soviet Union over the pipeline won't prevail unless viable alternatives can be found. With the Middle East unstable, Western Europe must diversify its sources of energy supply. Several alternatives do exist and ought to be given serious consideration: expanded nuclear power; increased exploitation of North Sea hydrocarbons, especially the Norwegian sector; and American coal.

While there are environmental risks associated with nuclear power, the man-

(Continues on page 975)

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MISSING IN ACTION

Six years after the fall of South Vietnam and eight years after the withdrawal of all U.S. forces, Hanoi has yet to account for almost 2,500 Americans that never came home. Could some still be alive? Yes

'We Can Keep You . . . Forever'

THOMAS D. BOETTCHER and JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

If the government of North Vietnam has difficulty explaining to you what happened to your brothers, your American POWs who have not yet returned, I can explain this quite clearly on the basis of my own experience in the Gulag Archipelago. There is a law in the Archipelago that those who have been treated the most harshly and who have withstood the most bravely, who are the most honest, the most courageous, the most unbending, never again come out into the world. They are never again shown to the world because they will tell tales that the human mind can barely accept. Some of your returned POWs told you that they were tortured. This means that those who have remained were tortured even more, but did not yield an inch. These are your best people. These are your foremost heroes who, in a solitary combat, have stood the test. And today, unfortunately, they cannot take courage from our applause. They can't hear it from their solitary cells where they may either die or remain for thirty years . . .

—Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
June 30, 1975

VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING one needs to know about heroism in this low, dishonest century can be summed up by reciting the names of those American prisoners who endured, resisted, and survived, and who lived to see freedom: no Fourth of July declamation could outshine a simple list that begins: Robinson Risner, Jim Stockdale, Jeremiah Denton, Bud Day, Ev Alvarez . . . These men, and nearly six hundred others who were returned to us, survived a captivity so savage as to stagger the imagination of those who contemplate it. And yet, might Solzhenitsyn be—as he so often is—right? Might there now be, at this very moment, other living American prisoners in Southeast Asia who will "never again come out into the world"?

More than eight years ago, direct American military involvement in Southeast Asia ended under the terms of the Paris Peace Accords negotiated by Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, and 591 American prisoners of war were promptly repatriated. The fighting continued in Vietnam for more than two years, but, until the fall of Saigon seemed imminent, it generally did not enjoy the front-page status it had commanded for so many years. Lost in the shuffle were 2,500 missing American servicemen, almost none of whom has been accounted for to this day. Their status has been reviewed periodically by their government, which has declared all but 12 of them "killed in action/body not recovered."

Might any of these men still be alive?

Vaughan Taylor, one of the two civilian attorneys who defended Marine PFC Bobby Garwood, seems to think so. Whenever he discusses this issue, he must put himself in a moral and ethical straitjacket, and the effort shows; not only must he say nothing that might prejudice his client's case through the appellate process, he must also refrain from revealing *anything* he has learned, either from his client, or while working on the case, that might fall under the attorney-client privilege. But Taylor, who has served on active duty and is still an Army Reserve Officer, is not unaffected by the shattering emotional impact of this issue. Someone, he says, who devoted himself to trying to determine whether Americans are still there "would not be wasting his time."

R. Emmett Tyrrell, editor of *The American Spectator*, has some acquaintances in Europe who think so. He wrote not long ago of the jibes he has taken from French journalists during trips to Paris about our do-nothing government's toleration of this outrage. Tyrrell's tone implies that it is virtually common knowledge among the French that there are Americans alive there.

The French, of course, have good reason to consider themselves experts on the subject of North Vietnamese intransigence and cruelty when it comes to the return of prisoners or of their remains. One case among many involved a Frenchman about whom the Vietnamese claimed they knew nothing. Eventually, French authorities determined with precision which cemetery he was buried in, and demanded his return. The North Vietnamese allowed as how, yes, he was there after all, but weather problems and difficult terrain would make it impossible for them to comply with French wishes. There is nothing uniquely horrible about this act of cruelty—except that the body was that of the grandson of Charles de Gaulle. Then there is the story of the POW who escaped from a Vietcong dungeon in 1968. He was picked up by American authorities, hospitalized and

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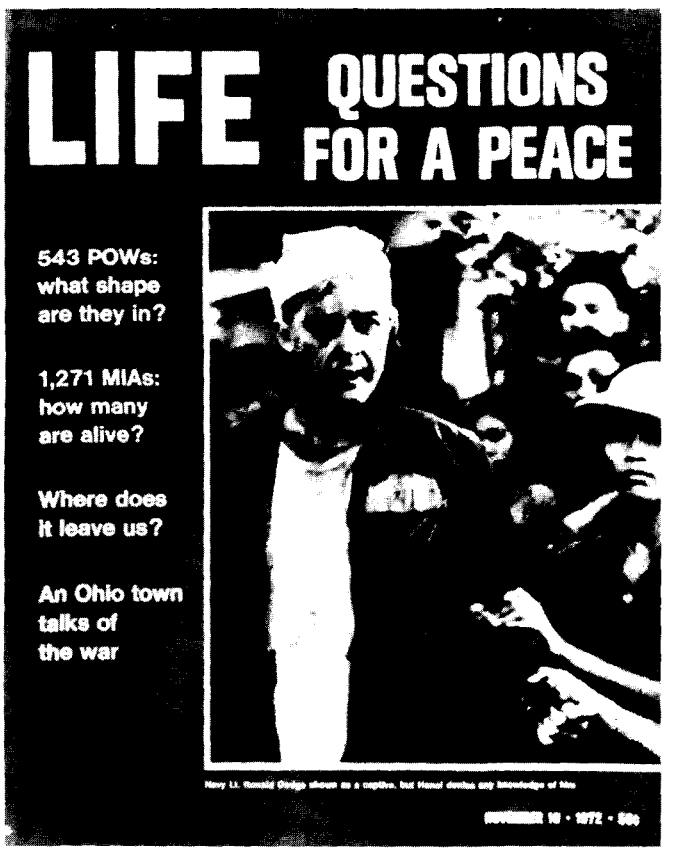
treated, debriefed, and quickly and quietly sent home—to France. He is said to have been a prisoner since 1954.

At least two high-ranking military officers do not dismiss the idea. General Louis T. Seith (USAF, Ret.), who commanded the Military Assistance Command-Thailand during the years 1967 to 1971, says: "I could believe that some are alive." Seith speaks of two possibilities: that some Americans are being held in isolated hamlets, and that others might still be fighting the war as guerrillas. With regard to the latter, Brigadier General Richard F. Abel, Director of Information for the Air Force, says it is "not inconceivable that there are people who are missing who are not even captured, who are alive." He cites the example of Japanese soldiers found on Guam as recently as 1976 still fighting World War II and, like Seith, says it is "possible in my mind that people could be there in some hamlet," though he adds that there is "not much chance of it."

The late Admiral John C. McCain, Commander-in-Chief of Pacific forces during 1968 to 1972, was more certain. McCain, whose command at that time extended to Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, and Thailand, told Congress in 1976 that the North Vietnamese had deceived this country concerning MIAs. "I think there is no question about it," he said, "that there are some who are still alive in Southeast Asia."

Ann Mills Griffiths seems to think that some might be alive. Mrs. Griffiths is the Executive Director of the League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. This organization was founded in 1970 to operate a network for information and contact among the affected families, and to keep the issue before the public. Mrs. Griffiths is one of three full-time employees, whose number may soon be reduced to two because of funding problems. She is a tall, dark, attractive, intelligent woman in her late thirties who knows so much about the issue that she can barely talk fast enough to tell you everything she wants you to know. Her brother, Lieutenant Commander James Mills, launched his plane off the deck of the *U.S.S. Coral Sea* for a raid against North Vietnam in September 1966, and has been missing ever since.


LIFE
QUESTIONS FOR A PEACE
543 POWs: what shape are they in?
1,271 MIAs: how many are alive?
Where does it leave us?
An Ohio town talks of the war

Why has the issue begun to receive so much publicity?

"Because," replies Mrs. Griffiths firmly, "it can't be denied that there's increasing evidence that prisoners are still there."

What about the Woodcock Commission, formally known as the Presidential Commission on Americans Missing and Unaccounted for in Southeast Asia, which went to Vietnam in 1977?

"The Commission was a success," says Mrs. Griffiths, "only in establishing Leonard Woodcock's credentials so that he could be appointed ambassador to China."

FORMER Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Roger Shields agrees; he says that the Commission was intended to make the Vietnamese look cooperative and thus bury the issue. Congressman Robert K. Dornan (R., Calif.) feels even more strongly. "The Vietnamese," he says, "made fools of them." The Commission, which concluded that improved relations between the two countries held out the best hope for a full account, was "a joke." One of the distinguished members "knew nothing about this problem before she left, learned nothing there, and came home to talk about kindergarten and school training. . . . Military men at the second level of the Woodcock Commission who had to stand behind the front-page personalities told me they were ashamed to be Americans."

Why would the Vietnamese continue to hold Americans in captivity? There are a number of possible answers. Ann Griffiths and Carol Bates, the Director of Public Affairs for the League, believe that they never intended to keep them, that it was a ploy that failed. Mrs. Bates reminds us that American negotiators at the peace conferences failed to hold the line on demanding a list of prisoners *before* signing the accords. The North Vietnamese, realizing that they could get an agreement without accounting for our men, deliberately signed the accords and then turned over a partial list, a list which, they were sure, would be deemed inadequate by American authorities. Then, with the specific terms of the peace agreement itself already worked out, the North Vietnamese expected to go back to the bargaining table to negotiate a further release of prisoners in exchange for the $3.25 billion in reparations they wanted.

Much to their surprise, our representatives accepted the list, flew home, and declared the war over. Now, eight years later, the North Vietnamese have severe economic problems, are tied down by military conflicts in Cambodia and, to a lesser extent, with China, and will not risk the loss of face involved in admitting that they held Americans back—to no avail. Yet (on this theory) they have not killed them, because the prisoners might, somehow, still turn out to be valuable to them in some future negotiations.

Colonel Laird Gutterson (USAF, Ret.), a former Vietnam

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POW, suggests another reason may be the personal pique of a captor "with an Eastern mind that has been contaminated by Communism." Gutterson tells of a friend captured in the Korean War who, with other Americans, was kept long after the "final" North Korean prisoner exchange. Until his release, he was unaccounted for and carried as MIA. The man told Gutterson that he was detained because he had refused to confess falsely, in writing, to having engaged in germ warfare. The commander of his POW camp became furious with him and told him that he would remain incarcerated until he signed. The pilot did sign, after his captors showed him a *New York Times* article about the repatriation of most of the 21 American POWs who had initially decided to remain in Korea. Despite the fact that they had denounced their country and defected, they were not punished upon their return. The pilot, understandably, began to doubt the wisdom of rotting away in a Chinese prison as an act of loyalty to a government that dealt so leniently with traitors. Two years after the "final" exchange of prisoners, he signed the confession, and was released through Hong Kong in a matter of days.

Other reasons are more mundane: recent reports indicate that some of our men are being used as English teachers, and as mechanics and maintenance men for the millions of dollars' worth of U.S. equipment abandoned there. Some are paying what might be called a "debt to society" as slave laborers on road gangs—rebuilding the Vietnam they, as the Vietnamese see it, helped to destroy.

THERE is another rationale for keeping these men, one not immediately comprehensible to Western minds, though Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Alexander Dolgun, and Leonid Plyushch, among others, have insight into it. Plyushch, a Ukrainian dissident and the author of *History's Carnival*, has written, echoing a frequent theme of the past century, that where there is no God *nothing* is impermissible. Many of our POWs who did return could understand what he means. John G. Hubbell, in his 1976 book, *P.O.W.*, relates that some of those who endured the most bravely while being tortured were told by their interrogators: "We still have French prisoners. . . . They were not fit to return to their families, so we never released them. Don't you want to see your family again? . . . There are still Frenchmen in our prisons who did not reform their minds. We can keep you . . . forever." Another common method of taunting those who could not be broken, according to Ann Griffiths, was to tell them that if they did not "become sincere" they would be sent to "one of the camps from which no one returns."

That this cruelly bizarre rationale for retaining prisoners might actually be in effect becomes less incredible when one considers this fact: of the 591 Americans who were repatriated, *not one* was maimed. Consider it: men ejecting from flaming, exploding aircraft, under missile fire, parachuting into hostile territory: yet not one of those returned to us was missing an eye, an ear, an arm, or a leg—even a finger—and none was disfigured by burns. Common sense tells us that *some* of those captured had to be disfigured. Yet might not Vietnamese paranoia prevent them from repatriating those who had been maimed—whether during combat or torture?

Much has been made of the virtually Teutonic efficiency of the North Vietnamese in processing prisoners—rewards were offered for their capture and delivery to collection points, meticulous records were kept, interrogation methods and the prison administration itself were highly bureaucratized. And yet, Colonel Gutterson says:

> I know that two of our prisoners were kept in a village and they were right on a truck route, so they could have been taken north to Hanoi anytime. They were kept in a village for a year, primarily as far as they could figure out because the head man of the village apparently had done something nice to somebody and so they gave him as a prize a couple of American POWs to keep in a cage in his village for the people to look at. Because it gave him prestige. So there doesn't have to be a logical Western reason. . . .

Gutterson remains convinced that Americans are still held. He felt compelled, after his own release from captivity in 1973, to try to keep the issue alive. Whenever he was invited to speak in public, he invariably raised the topic of MIAs. When his Air Force superiors ordered him to stop talking about the matter publicly, Gutterson tried an evasive maneuver: his wife, who had been active in POW family organizations and knew much, began accompanying him to his speeches, and he, with a wink, would refer all questions about MIAs to her. This approach did not ease the strain in his relationship with the Air Force, and he was pressured into accepting early retirement.

In thinking about this issue, then, it is necessary to consider, at least, the possibility that we are dealing with people for whom cruelty is fun, people who, purely for revenge and not for any tangible gain, confine men under conditions so barbaric that we can barely imagine them. But once you have made this leap of imagination from the suburbs of Peoria to "The Hanoi Hilton" and "The Plantation," to "Vegas," "The Briar Patch," and "Heartbreak Hotel," it is still necessary to ask: Where is the proof?

We might begin by considering a few of the most obvious examples of North Vietnamese intransigence. According to the late Congressman Tennyson Guyer (R., Ohio), a member of the Subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs, whose sudden death in April was a great loss to the League of Families, ". . . over half of these [2,500 MIAs] are men who were either known or strongly suspected to be prisoners of the Vietnamese or Laotians. There are 138 Americans whose names, pictures, or even their voices were used by the Vietnamese for propaganda purposes. As many as 750 more were probably in their custody. Yet, we have received virtually no word as to their fate . . ." Lieutenant General Eugene Tighe, U.S. Air Force, who was, until his retirement on August 1 of this year, the director of the Defense Intelligence Agency and one of the men credited by the League of Families with having reinvigorated the government's quest for additional information regarding our prisoners of war and missing in action, has pointed out that the remains of forty Americans who, the North Vietnamese *admit*, died in captivity "have yet to be returned. Other men were known to be alive and in the hands of the enemy and some were even publicly named, yet we have no accounting of these men."

At a recent hearing, General Tighe was asked by Representative Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.): "You have lived with this problem for a long time. . . . Does the weight of the evidence suggest to you, taking everything into consideration, that American servicemen are still living in Indochina?"

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"Yes, sir."

"And that there are still—and this is a somewhat different question—American servicemen being held against their will in Indochina?"

"My conviction would be yes in answer to both questions, sir."

Roger Shields points out that even while members of Congressman G. V. "Sonny" Montgomery's (D., Miss.) House Select Committee on MIAs (now defunct) were "receiving assurances from Vietnamese authorities that no Americans . . . were being held captive, at least two Americans, Arlow Gay and Tucker Gougglemann, were in Vietnamese prisons . . ."

When the Woodcock Commission visited Vietnam, they were informed of the existence of Gougglemann's remains. Gay was later released. Representative Montgomery maintains that there are no MIAs still held in Southeast Asia and has delivered himself of a "Dear Colleague" letter to every member of Congress excoriating those—such as ABC News, which recently ran an examination of the issue—who would give the families of these men "false hopes."

"You cannot give us false hopes," Ann Griffiths says emphatically. "We have been at it too long."

With the exodus of the boat people from Southeast Asia the quantity and quality of "live-sighting" reports increased dramatically. Ann Griffiths dismisses as "the State Department line" the position that the reports come from persons desperate for attention and favors from American authorities, people who therefore cannot be considered reliable. Most of the refugees making these reports, Mrs. Griffiths asserts, have already secured sponsors, jobs, and places to live, and have declined rewards offered for information. "The Americans tried to help us," is, Mrs. Griffiths says, the usual response of the refugees who are offered rewards; "this is the least we can do."

The Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) now investigates each live-sighting report within a matter of days. The individual making the report is interviewed and, if willing, subjected to examination by polygraph. The results of most of the examinations indicate no deception. There are currently 338 first-hand live-sighting reports on file, some placing living Americans in Vietnam as recently as the fall of 1980. Of these 338 reports, about one-third refer to persons known to have been in Vietnam after the fall of Saigon and who have since gotten out of the country.

A refugee relates that a friend of his was on a bus en route to Saigon in September 1979 when it was attacked by a squad of eight "resistance soldiers." The squad boarded the bus; three of the eight were Americans. The Americans requested that any of the passengers with access to the outside world transmit news of their situation to American authorities, saying that originally there had been five Americans in the group but two had died. They also recited their names, but the refugee's friend could not remember them.

Another refugee, who claims to be a former employee of the U.S. Agency for International Development, relates that during 1976, he was imprisoned in a cave near Vienxay, Laos with, among others, five Caucasians who were identified to him as American pilots.

A former second lieutenant in the South Vietnamese army reports that he was imprisoned, through 1975, at a camp in Tan Canh. He said that a group of Americans, led by a major, were kept in a separate compound more than a kilometer from the South Vietnamese. He had opportunities to communicate with the Americans, and did so in English; he says that the major had served in the cavalry brigade assigned to the defense of Dac To and Tan Canh, and had been captured in 1971. There were also two American sergeants and a first lieutenant there. The major was "thin, short for an American. He had a long face, a bald forehead, brown eyes, and long eyebrows. His nose is a little flattened between the eyes, a dimple in the middle of the chin, teeth distant from one another. I used to be ordered by the Communist guards to bring sweet potatoes to the 'American pirates'; they had their hands and legs tied up when they were not working . . . The exact date I saw him for the last time was during February 1975. At that time, the Americans were still building roads."

The Subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has held repeated hearings on this issue. It was before this subcommittee that the "Vietnamese mortician" appeared in June 1980 and testified that the remains of more than four hundred Americans, remains on which he had worked as late as mid-1977, were stored at 17 Ly Nam De Street, Hanoi, known to American POWs confined there as "The Plantation." The mortician also

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recounted that he had observed live Americans there "up until 1974." Lieutenant General Tighe preceded the mortician before the committee that day. Concerning DIA's investigation of the report of the four hundred remains and the mortician's anticipated testimony, General Tighe stated: "The technician's personae vita has been crosschecked and independently verified. His polygraph examination conducted by DIA indicated no deception. The allegation that the Socialist Republic of Vietnam is maintaining and withholding four hundred remains of U.S. personnel is judged by the Defense Intelligence Agency to be valid."

Some of the other testimony is just as disturbing, but the strategic deletions from the public record of this subcommittee's proceedings are, in some cases, more intriguing than the statements left in the record.

During a June 1979 exchange between Lieutenant General Tighe and Congressman Dornan, of 15 questions and answers regarding the possibility of live Americans' still being held in Laos, *eight* of the questions and answers were deleted or partially deleted.

However, this concealment is not always a matter of covering up. Ann Griffiths points out that there has been a change in the attitude of the government, especially since the avalanche of reports from the boat people began. She is grateful and does not want to jeopardize any government efforts in behalf of the men. Mrs. Griffiths, who was recently granted limited access to classified information so that she could take part in official meetings and hearings on the matter, and so that the government might exploit her own considerable institutional memory, is now discouraging private rescue attempts (there have been at least three in various stages of preparation in recent months) because of her fear that they would jeopardize the lives of more men than they might save.

"How high up in the government," we asked her, "does this belief, the belief that there are still Americans alive there, extend? Does the President believe it? The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs? The Secretary of State . . . ?"

"I really couldn't discuss it in specific terms," she replied.

"Now we're getting into your security clearance?"

"That's right."

One story, however, suggests the level of responsibility and authority to which interest in re-evaluating the MIA question extends. Captain John McCain (USN, Ret.), the son of Admiral McCain and himself a survivor of more than five years of captivity in North Vietnam, was until recently the Navy's liaison with the U.S. Senate. He says that during the war a state governor who had become concerned about imprisoned POWs and their waiting families invited some of the families to the state capital and held a news conference with them to demonstrate his support. During the proceedings, the small son of one of the POWs toddled forward and asked the governor to take him to the bathroom. Without hesitation or embarrassment the governor did just that. After the two returned, the press conference resumed with the boy standing near the governor. Then, a second time, the child interrupted him, tugging at his sleeve to ask, "Can you bring my daddy home?"

Longtime aides to Ronald Reagan trace his enduring interest in the matter to that moment. "He's a very sentimental guy," says McCain. "He wore that guy's bracelet [inscribed with the name of the boy's missing father] . . . from then until after everybody came home." Since the boy's father was not among those repatriated or otherwise accounted for, it is probably safe to assume that President Reagan has not dismissed the issue from his mind, or his heart.

But what does the government plan to do, assuming that the day may soon come when it will be impossible to deny, as a matter of policy, that we believe the North Vietnamese are still detaining Americans? Ann Griffiths would like to know the answer to that question herself, and states that, to her knowledge, there is no plan for that eventuality. The League, for all that its members have suffered these long years, has strenuously opposed ransom.

In working on this article we encountered the number "2,500" over and over, until it began to swim before our eyes, until—despite the fact that both of us served in Vietnam—it almost began to obscure the men about whom we were writing. As an antidote, let's talk about two of them.

Navy Lieutenant Ron Dodge, a handsome, balding young man, was the only American pilot shot down on May 17, 1967 in Nghe An province, North Vietnam. He ejected safely and told his wingman, "Here they come. I'm destroying my radio." Later that day a Vietnamese broadcast boasted about capturing the "U.S. bandit pilot." To further substantiate his capture, a photograph of Dodge, his face dirty and bruised, his head in bandages, was released and later printed in *Paris Match*. He was also featured in the Communist propaganda film, *Pilots in Pajamas*. The North Vietnamese deny any knowledge of him.

On July 7, 1981, 14 years and 51 days after he was shot down, the body of Ron Dodge, along with the bodies of two other Air Force pilots, was returned by North Vietnam—without explanation, as usual.

Air Force Colonel David Hrdlicka's plane came apart over northern Laos on May 18, 1965. Peking's New China News Agency broadcast a report quoting a Pathet Lao spokesman as announcing the capture of Colonel Hrdlicka. The following year the Pathet Lao broadcast a letter which was attributed to Hrdlicka wherein he discussed the war and his eagerness to see his wife and children. Several months later, in August 1966, *Pravda* ran a photograph of him, still in his flight suit, head bowed and turned slightly away, an armed guard behind him. U.S. intelligence believes he was held in a cave near Sam Neua, Laos, and reports believed to pertain to him were monitored for several years.

Colonel Hrdlicka is an old Air Force flying buddy of Congressman Robert Dornan. "It is just absolutely sickening to think that an American could suffer such a fate," says Dornan. "Think of the mental state of someone existing alive for seven years, compounded on top of his seven . . . years of captivity before the American presence ended. . . . I just can't conceive of what an American must think of his country if he is still alive somewhere in one of those jungle camps. . . ."

Indeed. What must they think of us?

Walter Cronkite mesmerized the country during the hostage crisis by counting all the way up to 444. If by a miracle David Hrdlicka is still alive, he is approaching day six thousand. □

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The Parable of Iowa

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

HAVING JUST completed a manuscript on the *Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, I have been preoccupied with the next step—a theology of development: What courses of action should the churches support in order to help end the manifest tyranny and poverty of most of the inhabited world? Simultaneously, life so arranged matters that my family went back to Iowa, to a farm inherited from my wife's family, for a three-week vacation.

I have been browsing in Iowa's history, in between catching my first three trout in Coldwater, hacking away on a golf course built over the ruins of a ghost town which the railroads skipped 11 decades ago, throwing sawdust mulch around some new trees, and other assorted sweat-inducing activities in the heavily scented air of northeastern Iowa. The corn is not so high as it used to get by this date, but the crop should be the second biggest in history. The hay is lying in rows for more days than it should, for each night sweet rains have swept the land. The sky is as big as ever, far bigger than Eastern skies. From the rolling hills one can see beautiful farms and darkly wooded lands for miles around.

This gorgeous part of the world was an undeveloped land hardly more than a century ago. About 1836, Chief Black Hawk ceded the strip of land where our farm is located to the United States. There were never, experts say, more than about ten thousand Indians in all of Iowa at any one time. Most were hunters, although Black Hawk's tribe kept some eight hundred acres planted in maize down around Rock Island. The Indians' implements were of the Stone Age; they did not use the wheel. Horses had come with the white man.

The Sioux warred with the Fox and the Sac so bitterly that the land where our farm lies, not far from the Upper Iowa and the Turkey, were by tribal consent made into a neutral zone. Fort Atkinson, not far away, was established at tribal invitation to keep the neutral zone free of warfare between the tribes.

When a certain Baptist missionary, of whom my wife is a collateral descendant, reached Iowa in 1842, there were scarcely ten thousand whites in the territory, stretched out at great distances. For much of the year the Indians were away, on long hunting expeditions, but they came back to this place for its hills, woods, streams, bluffs—for its sheer beauty.

The town of Cresco ("I grow") was incorporated by a handful of pioneers in 1866. The Reverend Charles E. Brown built the First Baptist Church here (after having earlier built another at the doomed ghost town a few miles south). His son, Charles Jr., was the first Howard County man (among scores from the first few families) to volunteer for the Union to help end slavery—his father having preached on the subject in a notable July 4 address in 1844. Charles Jr. served at the battles of Corinth and Shiloh, among others.

How did poor, primitive Iowa become a "wealthy developed nation" within something like three generations? Early writers in the pioneer generation placed great stress on the character and learning of people. They carried books in their packs—Mill and Locke, for example. But government and law played an extremely important role. The Homestead Act opened up the territory to land- and home-ownership for all. The land-grant colleges, from the beginning, founded agriculture upon science, in the belief that even the fields most favored by nature could, by human invention, be made to yield a hundred times greater wealth than nature itself provided. The people set out to create wealth by invention and by discipline.

THEY needed strong communities and a stable system of law. They needed transport, and they bent ingenuity in every direction to attain it, by water and by land. They built roads, bridges, dams, mills. All this they did communally, either through volunteer help or through government conscription.

Eventually the State Experiment Stations helped farmers in every community to diagnose and correct the problems of soil management, seed quality, blight control, irrigation, drainage, and the rest. Eventually, rural electrification—a federal program—brought electricity, as telegraph, telephone, and radio brought swift contact with distant worlds.

Was this free enterprise alone? Of course not. The political system took on many tasks which the economic system alone could not accomplish. But the political system also tried to stay out of the way, not to take over the economic system. And the moral-cultural system—rooted in institutions of family, church, schools, the press, and voluntary associations of every sort—watched over the foundations of character required by such a political system in such an economic system.

The reality of Iowa today is a parable for development. Like all parables, it must be applied with appropriate changes for each situation. Yet a theology of development which ignores this parable is bound to miss some wisdom, human and divine. Such peoples as the early Iowans invented the possibility of economic development not solely for themselves—they still feed millions far from their site—but in the name of God, whose precepts guided their choices.

To my dim-witted eyes, this parable of development stresses: 1) the character of a people, 2) the economic system, 3) the political system. All three sets of institutions are critical. Their order is also critical. And their mutual checks and balances, complementary strengths and weaknesses, and cooperative functioning are also critical. Two further facts—that agriculture is the basis of development and that individual farmers had incentives to do what they decided to do and did best—also seem important.

I should mention that I was not long ago reading Ronald C. Nairn's *The Wealth of Nations in Crisis* (Bayland Publishing, P.O. Box 25386, Houston, Texas 77005), which deals with many of today's developing nations. It makes sense of what I see and hear in Iowa. It also makes sense of the parable of Iowa, on a worldwide canvas. Last Sunday, I also picked up Arthur Simon's *Bread for the World* in the vestibule rack of Assumption Church. It seems to miss every significant point. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Yellow Journals, Black Faces

RICHARD BROOKHISER

BY NOW, the "Jimmy's World" scandal offers slim journalistic pickings. Since their exposure in April, Janet Cooke and her fradulent account of a black eight-year-old heroin addict have become like Three Mile Island or Pearl Harbor, one of those stories about which every conceivable thing has been said elsewhere. Newspapers and magazines reported the scandal in lascivious detail. Miss Cooke's former employers at the *Washington Post* ran a three-and-a-half-page *nostra culpa*. NATIONAL REVIEW has already printed Winston's inside account, Joseph Sobran's analysis of the episode as a symptom of the Victim State, and an editorial discussing the larger problems of the New Journalism.

Four months late is very late to be arriving at the scene of such a journalistic goldrush. Yet within Jimmy's World there are still two veins, important ones, largely unworked.

Why, in the first place, was there any scandal at all?

It will be remembered that the prize which Miss Cooke and her bogus story briefly won commemorates the turn-of-the-century newspaper editor Joseph Pulitzer. Prizes can have an alchemical posthumous effect. The Nobel Prize transformed Alfred Nobel in the popular mind from a dynamite maker into the inventor of Peace and Literature. Just so with the Pulitzer. The Pulitzer Prizes stand for everything journalists think of themselves as embodying—accuracy, honesty, fairness, scrupulousness—all those things Janet Cooke and the *Post* so conspicuously lacked. Yet Miss Cooke lost Pulitzer's prize by following in another tradition which Pulitzer helped name—yellow journalism.

Joseph Pulitzer moved to New York in 1882 after his chief editorialist on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* shot and killed a politician. He bought the ailing *World* and introduced comic strips, sports pages, Sunday magazines, illustrations, banner headlines, and aggressive, not to say imaginative, reporting. So great was the *World*'s success that it encouraged William Randolph Hearst, editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, to buy the *New York Journal* and hire away much of Pulitzer's staff, among them, the creator of a popular cartoon character named "The Yellow Kid." Pulitzer continued the comic strip in his own paper with a different artist, and the competing cartoons christened a genre.

The two papers soon set about bellowing for war with Spain, and yellow journalism—it was also called "New Journalism"—reached its peak, or its nadir, in the Cisneros affair. Evangelina Cosio y Cisneros, daughter of an imprisoned Cuban revolutionary, had been arrested as part of a plot to free her father. A *Journal* correspondent filed a story saying that she had been thrown into a dirty cell full of prostitutes and sentenced to twenty years in a Spanish penal colony on the Moroccan littoral. In fact, she shared clean quarters with other political prisoners and had not yet been brought to trial when the *Journal* story appeared. Hearst, undeterred, engineered a huge campaign in her behalf. McKinley's mother, Jefferson Davis's widow, and Marc Hanna's wife all protested Spain's monstrous affront to womanhood. Julia Ward Howe wrote a letter to the Pope. The *Journal* climaxed its crusade by bribing Evangelina's guards, springing her from jail, and holding a rally in her honor in Madison Square with Henry George as the main speaker.

SO. REPORTERS LIE. So do their editors. They exaggerate and distort. They grind axes. They always have, and being human they always will. Janet Cooke was not the only reporter caught this season overusing her imagination. A few weeks after "Jimmy's World" was exposed, the *New York Daily News* cashiered a prize-winning columnist for writing a report on a British military patrol in Belfast that fabricated the names, backgrounds, actions, and ages of the principals. The Pulitzer Prize Board, meanwhile, hastily conferred Miss Cooke's award on the runner-up feature story, a portrait of Allard Lowenstein's assassin. The new prize-winner had speculated freely about Lowenstein's libido, implied that she had interviewed his murderer when she had not, and otherwise earned herself a rebuke from the National News Council.

Yet everywhere, the Cooke scandal was treated almost as the end of the world—the real world, not Jimmy's. The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the streets. The *Post*, understandably, was most upset. "'Jimmy' never existed," its ombudsman's report began, "but his story convulsed the city and humiliated the

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Washington Post proud house of Watergate investigations."

The hiss you hear is the rush of air from the pricked blimp of pretension. For here, twisting slowly in the wind, was not just any paper, but the self-appointed guardian of our government's virtue, the Nixon-slayer (not literally, fortunately—some things have changed since Joseph Pulitzer left the *Post-Dispatch*). More than one pundit, in the wake of Janet Cooke's lies, wondered whether Deep Throat had been any more real than Jimmy.

The *Post*'s embarrassment, however, was shared to a lesser degree by all newsmen for the simple reason that the *Post*'s self-infatuation is also shared by all newsmen. Harrison Salisbury, for instance, recently wrote a 630-page book describing how the *New York Times* had "quite literally become that Fourth Estate, that fourth coequal branch of government." Please note that the man said "quite literally"—not "virtually" or "practically." The *Times* and the *Post* and their peers, in other words, think of themselves not just as chroniclers of the nation's business, not even as watchdogs, but as ruling institutions. Perhaps even as the most powerful ones—the *Post*'s ombudsman didn't say anything about the Ervin Committee as a proud Watergate investigator.

We didn't need "Jimmy's World," of course, to tell us that the press thinks highly of itself. For a generation, discussion of the First Amendment has been skewed by the notion that the press is specially and absolutely privileged. Though no Court has ever bought the argument, it is regularly iterated whenever a reporter gets a subpoena. The *Post* trotted it out when the Washington police wanted to know where Jimmy was—and incidentally, to save his life. Freedom of the press, according to this absolutist doctrine, is not an effect of limited constitutional government, but an acknowledgment of the press's transcendent mission—an almost feudal privilege, as the phrase Fourth Estate suggests, sacred and unassailable. (It is also unique; so long as it is preserved, all other relations with the omnicompetent state are open to negotiation. This attitude, usually only latent in American polemics, showed itself in all its glory when UNESCO, egged on by the Soviet Union and the Third World, announced plans for a New World Information Order. From UNESCO's point of view, it was a logical and unsurprising step. For three decades, the assorted Fabians and headhunters who run the Third World have been nationalizing everything from petroleum companies to peasants' farms, all with the slumbrous acquiescence of Western editorialists. But the instant they moved against newspapers and news services, on the grounds that they too are powerful, private institutions, the press screamed bloody murder.)

What is interesting, and alarming, about the newspapers' love affair with themselves is that it has been accompanied by a sharp drop in the number of newspapers. Even worse, the papers that remain have become increasingly homogenized in tone and viewpoint.

I was struck by this a year ago, reading the memoirs of Felix Morley, the conservative isolationist who served seven years—ironically enough—as editor of the *Washington Post*. (Morley also won a Pulitzer, which he kept.) Writing about an earlier stint on the *Baltimore Sun*, Morley recalled that the paper's editors had been anxious to get good, independent coverage of the Versailles peace conference.

The key word here was "independent." The *Sun*, as I re-

RANDOM NOTES

■ More September Titles: *The Reagan Revolution* (Dutton, $12.50), by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, is an account of the winning of the Presidency and the first months of an astonishing Administration. . . . In *America's Competitive Edge: How to Get Our Country Moving Again* (McGraw-Hill, $14.95), Richard Bolling and John Bowles IV describe how American economic superiority has declined since the last Eisenhower Administration, owing to the wasteful and sloppy Democratic Sixties and the ineffective Nixon years. They give reasons for seeing improvement in the Eighties. . . . Jeffrey Simpson's *Discipline of Power: The Conservative Interlude and the Liberal Restoration* (Everest, $17.95) is the story of the election in 1979 of Joe Clark, the Conservative Party candidate, as Prime Minister of Canada, and his disastrous 259 days in office. Simpson, the Ottawa bureau chief of the *Globe and Mail*, offers several reasons for the Conservatives' lack of success—among them an unshakable habit of reactive politics and plain want of experience. . . . *Debts of Honor* (Harper & Row, $13.95), by Michael Foot, is a collection of 14 biographical sketches ranging from Defoe to Bertrand Russell to the author's father to William Hazlitt. Foot is the current leader of Her Majesty's Opposition and a leading Labor Intellectual.

Samuel C. Florman's *Blaming Technology: The Retreat from Responsibility* (St. Martin's, $12.95) argues that the belief that technology creates all our problems is as wrongheaded as the notion that it can solve all of them.

Nigel Hamilton's *Monty: The Making of a General 1887-1942* (McGraw-Hill, $19.95) is the definitive biography—based on private interviews with the family and on the subject's private papers—of the English general.

Frank O'Connor's *Collected Stories* (Knopf, $20) encompasses 69 impeccably created stories of Ireland and Irish life. Many of them appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. —CW

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member Morley's account, did not have the money to send a correspondent of its own. It would have to rely on some other paper's reporting. But the editors did not want superficial, run-of-the-mill coverage. After much study, they decided to piggyback on the London *Times*.

Am I cynical in finding the whole episode quaint? Put it this way: Would many newspapers today, besides the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, care enough to take such trouble? And: Would anyone care what any newspaper besides the *Post* and the *Times* did?

I do not think it is a mistake to say that the *Times* and, to a lesser extent, the *Post* are the only American newspapers whose foreign coverage makes any waves. And it certainly is no mistake to say that their coverage and the conclusions they draw from it dovetail—and that the coverage and conclusions of most other American papers dovetail with theirs. I have never seen the *Los Angeles Times* and I have been told it is more competent than its East Coast competition. But may I risk an Easterner's snobbishness to say that if its "line" were markedly different from the *Times*'s and the *Post*'s—we would have heard?

We would have heard, in the same way that people during the New Deal had heard of the *Chicago Tribune*, whose telephone operators greeted callers on the eve of the 1936 election with the reminder that there were only *x* days left to save the country, by voting out Roosevelt. (Last year, during the Illinois primaries, a with-it *Tribune* endorsed John Anderson, the *Times-Post* heart-throb.) We would know, in the same way that people who managed to get past the *New York Daily News*'s axe-murder headlines once knew about the pungent and crotchety editorials within. (The editorials have gotten wordier, and much less crotchety.) There is, where domestic matters are concerned, the *Wall Street Journal*, which beat the drums for supply-side economics, and long may it wave. But apart from that—what is there that has any national impact?

Spiro Agnew spotted the problem 12 years ago. "We know," he said in Des Moines, Iowa, on November 13, 1969, that television news "commentators and producers live and work in the geographical and intellectual confines of Washington, D.C. or New York City. . . . We can deduce that these men thus read the same newspapers, and draw their political and social views from the same sources." This was close enough; but a week later, in Montgomery, Alabama, he hit pay dirt. "The American people should be made aware of the trend toward the monopolization of the great public information vehicles. . . . When the *Washington Times-Herald* died in the nation's capital, that was a political tragedy; and when the *New York Journal-American*, the *New York World Telegram and Sun*, the *New York Mirror*, and the *New York Herald-Tribune* all collapsed within this decade, that was a great, great political tragedy for the people of New York."

Agnew twice used the phrase "political tragedy." At the time, it was no doubt taken to mean (and perhaps did mean) a political tragedy in the crudest, most partisan terms—a tragedy for right-wing rednecks like himself, frozen out by pinko press-lords. The phrase is also susceptible, however, to a deeper interpretation—a tragedy for the body politic—which carries us to the heart of the media's dismay over the Jimmy's World scandal.

Simply it is this: that as the press's prestige has risen and its diversity has shrunk, an implicit and unconscious promise has been made to its consumers (that is, to the American people). And the promise is, Don't worry that there are fewer of us, and that the survivors all sound increasingly like clones. Don't worry, because we, the survivors, will be trustworthy.

The survivor-papers promised to be trustworthy, not merely on such relatively trivial questions as whether there was an eight-year-old junkie on Xenia Street, or even whether there was an obstructor of justice on Pennsylvania Avenue, but on the whole range of issues which fell within their purview. They promised, implicitly, to be trustworthy on such matters as the Soviet Union's military, or America's economy. Americans accepted, or did not challenge, their promise, and that was a political tragedy—for the country, not just for Washington or New York.

Agnew attacked the problem head-on. This showed his courage (which his forced resignation no more cancels out than Cooke's dishonesty cancels out her talent). It also showed his bad judgment. For the implicit promise cannot be attacked head-on. The issues it raises are too broad, too complex. Our Winston's Deep Throat confided, in an aside, that the *Post*'s city editor once ordered a reporter to find a black family whose future would be wrecked by Reaganomics. The reporter came back empty-handed; the editor insisted he look again, whereat the reporter accused his boss of wearing ideological blinders. A clear case of violated trust, no? To which anti-Reaganites will answer, No. Just because the reporter couldn't find a family doesn't mean there isn't one; and if there is one there must be thousands; and what right do we have to blight even one family's hopes? and anyway the pernicious effects of Reaganism may not show up until later; etc.; etc. Such questions can rarely be resolved by the short-winded give-and-take which ripples over popular sentiment like a brook over rocks. This was the value of Jimmy. He was small enough to be caught, and caught definitively. People can wrangle all year about Nicaragua. But all it takes is one car ride to see if there is an eight-year-old drug fiend on Xenia Street. And since trust is trust, once Jimmy's story unraveled, the whole skein was potentially threatened.

Bill Green, the *Post*'s ombudsman, labored to try to restore that trust at the end of his damning account of Jimmy's World. "The *Post* is one of the very few great enterprises in journalism, and everybody associated with it ought to be proud of it." So we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally round the flag! "There is no evidence whatsoever that this kind of thing is tolerated at this paper." Tolerated? Hell, they nominated the pack of lies for a Pulitzer Prize. "To believe that this mistake, big as it was, challenges the honesty of any other story in the *Post* or any other newspaper"—the survivors close ranks—"is overreaching."

But surely it is Green who is overreaching. Why not challenge the honesty of stories? Katharine Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Company, said as much when she addressed the American Newspaper Publishers Association a few weeks after Miss Cooke lost her prize: "We need to be as tough and skeptical concerning our own stories . . . as we are concerning the world outside that we report."

Noble sentiments. The question, as always, is how to realize them. The implicit promise of the survivor-papers was that they would do their own policing. "Jimmy's World" gives it the lie.

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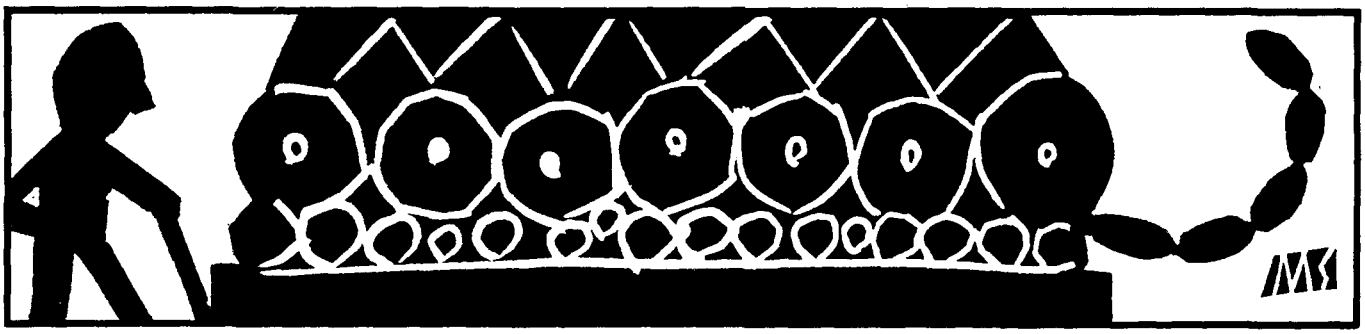

What other options are there? William Jennings Bryan urged the establishment of a federally supported national newspaper, while some of his neopopulist successors in our own day have suggested antitrust actions against media conglomerates. The first suggestion, I suppose most of us would agree, is ludicrous. The second is profoundly unconservative. If Katharine Graham, Benjamin Bradlee, and their friends want to impose their view of the world on as many media outlets as they can get their hot little hands on, they should be free to do so.

Along with the *Post*'s freedom, however, goes an obligation—*not an obligation of the Post, but of its competition.* And that is genuinely to compete. Not just for marginal subscribers, or in status contests whose terms have been decided in advance; but to offer competing styles, viewpoints, ideologies, temperaments. I would not expect the revived competition to be any more honest than the *Post* now is. All I want them to be is different. Diversity will not keep newspapers truthful—that is past praying for—but it will keep them on their toes. The *Daily News*'s Belfast bluff was called by a rival paper. That paper, unfortunately—the *Daily Mail* —was foreign.

It is probably impossible to arrest the declining numbers of newspapers; economics would seem to be against it. But we can change our attitude toward those that remain. We might, for starters, disband all journalism programs and journalism schools, from which new reporters emerge like cartons of homogenized milk.

By focusing on newspapers, I realize I am painting an overly bleak picture. Beyond the daily paper, competition is proliferating. America is awash with special-interest magazines. We are on the edge of a technological revolution which may break the network news monopoly in flinders. But there remains a need for regular, written reporting and analysis which only newspapers can fill and which they now fill inadequately.

It was Madison who first called for a "policy of supplying, by opposite and rival interests, the defect of better motives." Madison was referring to government when he wrote that; but then, those who pretend to be a fourth coequal branch of government should not flinch from having it applied to themselves.

The second important aspect of the Jimmy's World story has to do with niggers. I trust that, having used the plural of the only dirty six-letter word in the language, I have everyone's attention? Yet the word is not mine. It appears spontaneously, over and over, in Jimmy's saga.

Vivian Aplin-Brownlee, editor of the District Weekly section of the *Post* on which Janet Cooke first worked, described her thus to the *Post*'s ombudsman: "She was Gucci and Cardin and Yves St. Laurent. She went out on that 14th Street story [an account of a police patrol through a slum] in designer jeans and came back to tell me that somebody asked, 'What kind of nigger are you?' She thought it was funny."

City Editor Milton Coleman, according to *NR*'s own Winston, also wondered what kind of "nigger" Miss Cooke was. He complained that she was Janet-conscious, not black-*conscious; Winston's source also quoted him (in a detail we* had to cut for space reasons) as having said that "there was not enough nigger in that girl."

"Nigger," clearly, is being used as a psychological epithet, not an ethnic one. (Coleman and Mrs. Aplin-Brownlee are both black, as, presumably, was the anonymous man on 14th Street.) It denotes not a race, but the attitudes considered appropriate to it. One such attitude, according to the *Post* newsroom—and not only according to the *Post* newsroom —is identification with life on "the streets."

Joseph Sobran has already noted in these pages the role that "the streets" and their inhabitants play in the legitimation of the liberal state. The *Post* and liberalism generally want "ghastly accounts of funky underclass misery . . . tales from the heart of ghetto darkness." What effect does this have on the tale-bearers?

We know what Janet Cooke did to prove she knew "the streets." Bob Woodward mistakenly called her "some actress." She wasn't an actress, she was a liar. But she was surrounded by a whole repertory company of actors.

Coleman, unlike Janet Cooke, knew "the streets." That at least was the opinion of the *Post*'s ombudsman. "Woodward was to say later that if he had seen this first draft [of "Jimmy's World"] he might have asked questions about the long and seemingly perfect quotations. . . . [But] Coleman, who knows the streets better than Woodward, said he found *no reason to question the quotes.*" How did Coleman learn about "the streets"? His thumbnail biography, included in the ombudsman's report, gives no clue (". . . The *Minneapolis Star* for two years . . . Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, a stint in radio news, a job as Washington correspondent for a black news service . . . three years with the Student Organization for Black Unity . . . majored in fine arts at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee"). It all sounds like a fairly middle-class life, at least the adult portion of it—a life, in fact, not grossly unlike Janet Cooke's, just up the page ("Cooke grew up in a middle-class home in Toledo, where her father . . . worked for 35 years for Toledo

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Edison and is now secretary to the corporation. He remembers that he gave her her first typewriter when she was five . . ."). But Coleman, whether from childhood experience or self-education, knew "the streets," and the dialogue sounded authentic to him. So authentic, in fact, he knew that Janet Cooke could not have made it up. "It never occurred to me. . . . There was too much distance between Janet and the streets."

But of course Janet had made it up. All right, so maybe she has a good ear. But then a question came up about one of her descriptions. She had written of Jimmy's injection: "Liquid ebbs out of the syringe, replaced by bright red blood. The blood is then reinjected into the child." Is that, someone wondered, how heroin is shot? "Coleman," wrote the ombudsman, "did some checking of his own. He found someone who knew, and asked if Janet's description of 'shooting up' is the way it's done."

So Coleman, who knows the streets so much better than Woodward, had to ask how heroin is shot? Maybe the ability to *find* someone who knows qualifies you as knowing the streets. (In that case, I know the streets. Yet I assure the reader that I am entirely and hopelessly middle-class—as middle-class as Coleman and Miss Cooke.)

On and on it went, the posturing and the play-acting, all the way up to the Pulitzer Prize Board, where, according to the *Washington Journalism Review*, when one member dismissed the story of Jimmy as an aberration, Roger Wilkins, associate editor of the *Washington Star*, leapt to its defense, armored with his knowledge of—*the streets*. Wilkins assured his white colleagues that he could find eight-year-old junkies within ten blocks of the Board's meeting place. "Wilkins—the only black in the room, speaking about a black problem as described in a story by a black reporter—was the voice of authority." Thus spake Kunta Kinte. The Board deferred.

We must try to be judicious here—more judicious, probably, than I am being. One should have concern for one's fellows, especially those bound by ties of religion, family, nation, race. One should, whenever one can, help them. We disdain those who don't. But the purpose of "Jimmy's World" and kindred exercises—the purpose, in other words, of 95 per cent of what *soi-disant* black leaders say and do—is not to help anyone. (Janet Cooke couldn't help Jimmy, because he didn't even exist; and if he had, her employers were willing to let him die for the sake of their version of the First Amendment.) It is not even to remove impediments to progress. It is to extort tokens of concern from others. The better to extort, middle-class blacks are compelled to appear before the national public, when they appear at all, in an up-dated minstrel show, whose only difference from the original variety is that the characters are no longer po' and happy, but po', degraded, despairing, and damned.

This is the underside of the Victim State—the Beggar and Blackmailer State—the state in which race relations are ritualized into a soul *Oliver Twist*, with stage Fagins in prop-box street rags directing assaults on the nation's pocket. It is Janet's World, and it is not the worst of all possible worlds. (It is better, at least, than slavery.) It functions fairly smoothly, and with the consent of at least some of its inhabitants. Blacks support white liberals with their votes, and, more important, with their misery. White liberals in return award them trickles of cash and social programs designed to keep them miserable. "Black leaders" broker the transactions between the two groups, all the while wearing heavy coats of black face (or "nigger" face, in *Post* newsroom terminology).

I wonder how many people think this is, not just wasteful or inefficient or unconservative or some other equally venial thing, but disgusting? If some black leader thinks so, will he please stop being a nigger for twenty minutes and say so? □

Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines 1900-1950
By John Lukacs
Farrar, 358 pp., $17.50

THE HEAVENLY CITY

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Philadelphia is not a name to conjure with. It long ago secured an unenviable niche in American folklore as the dullest of our major cities. W. C. Fields, who spent a grim boyhood there, left instructions that on his headstone should be chiseled the sentence, "On the whole I would rather be in Philadelphia," a sentiment echoed by President Reagan as he was wheeled into the operating room after last March's assassination attempt. To H. L. Mencken, Philadelphia was "the most Pecksniffian" of American cities, an attitude that tells us more about the Sage of Baltimore's smug insularity than it does about Philadelphia, which, in Mencken's lifetime, led a far richer political, literary, and interior life than Baltimore.

Beneath the placid, opaque surface of the Quaker City interesting things happened, most of them the work of a deceptively greyish upper middle class of long standing, a class that produced moderate wealth, modest good taste, ample civility, a comfortable life, and the occasional minor prodigy. John Lukacs's *Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines* begins with a chapter on the city itself in 1900. There follows a series of seven short critical biographies of eminent and sometimes very amusing Philadelphians, ranging from gross but wily old Senator Boies Penrose ("The Conservative as Gargantua") to one of American letters' most neglected lesser masters, the spinster essayist Agnes Repplier ("The Writer in Solitude"). Other characters include magazine mogul Edward W. Bok, novelist Owen Wister, and diplomat William Christian Bullitt.

Lukacs writes with verve, erudition, and a genuine appreciation of his sometimes arcane subject matter; only rarely does he flutter over into preciosity. If he has a minor fault, it is that he tends to assume that the readers of his graceful volume may not quite be up to the job, *vide* the footnote on page 123 explaining that Apollinaris is a mineral

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water, presumably for the benefit of untraveled bumpkins. Taken as a whole, however, Lukacs's performance is a *tour de force* of both scholarship and wit.

Some of his assumptions remain open to question. Despite Professor Lukacs's subtitle, Philadelphia from 1900 to 1950 was not primarily a city of patricians and philistines. There were, of course, plenty of both, but many of the patricians *were* philistines, and many of the most interesting non-philistines were more middle-class than patrician. The nicest thing about Philadelphia was that it was a peaceful, self-contented society which tolerated talent while taking little if any interest in it.

Things could have been far worse, and it should be noted that most of the city's talented minority, in turn, took little interest in Philadelphia, drawing the bulk of their inspiration from elsewhere both in time and in geography. To cite cases, that most undiplomatic of diplomats, William C. Bullitt, will probably be best remembered for his pioneer work in the suspect medium of psycho-history, a rather petulant study of Woodrow Wilson written in collaboration with one Sigmund Freud (Boies Penrose summed up poor Wilson far better and more succinctly when he dismissed him in two words as "a schoolmarm"); Agnes Repplier had much more in common with Madame de Sévigné and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu than she did with most contemporary Philadelphians; and Penrose himself only turned into a machine politician after concluding that his countrymen lacked the solid civic virtues he had admired in his early classical studies. ("The people are all right," he once observed, "but their tastes are simple; they dearly love hokum.") On one occasion, when told that the people of Pennsylvania expected more of him, he turned Socratic: "More what?" he grunted.

In contrast to Penrose, who was almost zealous in his lack of faith in human nature, Agnes Repplier was worldly-wise without being either soiled or world-weary. "Cheerfulness and melancholy can be, and usually are, equally odious," she would write, "but a sad heart and a gay temper hold us in thrall." That there was an inner sorrow to this aging spinster who had lived most of her life on the edge of shabby-genteel poverty cannot be doubted, but her temper and intellect were infused with a kind of disembodied *joie de vivre* that lasted all of her 95 years. She wrote (and, alas, is no longer read) on everything from tea to travel, Joan of Arc to Henry Ford, always with wit, feeling, and robust good sense. She knew history, literature, and the human heart, and even her most finely spun gossamer contained a grain of wisdom, as when she once "saw a small black-and-white kitten playing with a judge who, not unnaturally, conceived that he was playing with the kitten."

She could not abide a self-important bore. Of President Eliot of Harvard, Agnes Repplier observed, "Wherever he is, he lowers the temperature." Yet she could be amazingly patient about the foibles of her friends ("Cornelia Frothingham was ill for ten weeks with a nervous collapse, all the more serious because it had no cause"), and she could laugh at the pre-Freudian slip of a Philadelphia society matron who paid ambiguous tribute to Marcel Tabuteau, a noted local oboist, with the words: "For years he delighted me every Friday afternoon with his little instrument." She was, in sum, a Dorothy Parker with a larger soul and a far sounder intellect, and perhaps the most fascinating character in Professor Lukacs's Philadelphia gallery.

Rudyard Kipling, who actually liked Philadelphia, wrote a long-forgotten poem about it in 1900:

If you're off to Philadelphia in the morning,
You mustn't take my stories for a guide.
There's little left, indeed, of the city you will read of,
And all the folks I write about have died.

So, too, has the Philadelphia that Professor Lukacs writes of, reflected in the lives of seven not-so-grey eminents of a bygone era, a time and place to which more than distance lends enchantment. □

Governing America
By Joseph A. Califano Jr.
Simon & Schuster, 474 pp., $16.95

THE CARTER DEBACLE

ALAN L. MILLER

When the Johnson Administration disbanded in January of 1969, Joseph Califano, who had been LBJ's domestic policy advisor, vowed he would return one day as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to consolidate the goals of the Great Society. The irony of his subsequent travail in Jimmy Carter's Cabinet is that Califano was eventually consumed by the monster that he helped to feed in the 1960s.

For HEW, now Health and Human Services, has devoured 13 directors in its 27-year existence. The controversial department has become unmanageable, and Califano's memoir suggests as much without finally conceding the point. (To do so would be to repudiate the animating spirit that propels Califano to-

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ward windmills.) Accordingly, *Governing America* is the bittersweet retrospective of a battered liberal who remains unbowed in his quest for the impossible dream.

When he was asked to join the Carter team in 1977, Califano had few second thoughts about this President-elect who seemed vaguely unaware of the task that lay before him. This in itself is curious, since Califano was hardly a political neophyte. Yet he eagerly joined the "children's crusade" that had set out to put things right in the Babel-by-the-Potomac. Perhaps Califano's wiser instincts were lulled by the lure of power. "I knew the job would be demanding, exhausting, frustrating, and sometimes disappointing, but I was exhilarated to tackle issues that mattered, to be challenged to my limit."

HEW had few limits. Its bloated budget ($200 billion before Education became a separate department) accounted for 36 per cent of federal expenditures. The combined budgets of the fifty states were $50 billion shy of HEW's 1980 allocation. Were HEW a nation, its budget would have ranked third behind those of the U.S. and the USSR.

Joe Califano, when he sought to saddle this bucking bureaucracy, became abruptly aware of his own limits. The abortion issue delayed his confirmation and bedeviled his initial year in office. Califano tried to follow Jimmy Carter's chameleon-like lead on the controversy and so infuriated the Congress that all HEW appropriations were delayed until it could be determined whether Medicaid recipients were eligible for subsidized abortions. This in turn led Califano to question "the capacity of national government . . . to resolve issues so personal and so laced with individual, moral, and ethical values."

Other doubts occurred to the Secretary as he unsuccessfully championed cost containment in a national health scheme. Once the battle was lost, Califano wondered if Congress was capable of devising such a plan without including "many of the least effective and most costly and wasteful elements of the present system." Swallowing hard, he concludes: "Until we can deal with these problems, we should stop worshipping at the altar of an instant universal, mandatory, comprehensive national health plan. . . ." A painful admission, this, for a man who once believed that the cure for all of society's ills was yet another federal program.

But the deluge was still before him. One of the President's priorities was welfare reform. However, when Califano patiently explained to Jimmy Carter that his simplistic notions about a national family assistance program would imbalance the budget still further, the President demanded that his Secretary devise a plan which would cut costs, while costing nothing itself. So much for welfare.

Education was even worse. Califano opposed the presidential payoff to the 1.8-million-member National Education Association, which consisted of establishing a separate Department of Education. The justification for the Department was cynically summarized by Hamilton Jördan: "I don't know anything about the merits, but I know the politics, and politically the NEA is important to us and it's important for the President to keep his word."

Califano had previously enraged the President's Southern constituency by pressing those states to submit plans for desegregating their higher educational systems. The Secretary was only responding to a court order, but his actions followed closely upon the heels of HEW's anti-smoking campaign. Califano's quip that smoking was "slow-motion suicide" had already convinced Dixie that this damn Yankee had to go. That view was shared by Jody Powell and Ham Jördan, whose constant leaks to the media suggested that Califano was expendable.

THE BOOK'S final chapter portrays an Administration in shambles. The discord between the senior White House staff and the Cabinet became so pronounced that the President called the combatants together in April of 1979. He asked the Cabinet for their advice, patience, and support. Three months later, after concluding that the crisis was in the American spirit, he asked the Cabinet for their resignations. Califano's exit was inevitable.

Critics of this book insist that it is a graceless attack upon Jimmy Carter. Granted, President Carter is completely overshadowed by LBJ's imposing presence as Califano reflects upon his former bosses. But this perception should surprise no one save those NEA diehards who clung to Carter's ship as it sank beneath the waves.

Governing America is a reasonable view of the Carter debacle. As such, the book may serve as ballast for the hot-air balloon that is soon to ascend from Plains. □

Judicial Review Unmasked
By Thomas J. Higgins, SJ
Christopher Publishing, 273 pp., $14.95

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Father Thomas Higgins contends, contentiously, that judicial review is a huge fraud. His book looks as if it had been produced in a basement by the author, single-handed, in a quixotic attempt to attack what everyone else in the world believes. Obviously his thesis hasn't got a prayer, so to speak, of succeeding. If you're going to attack something as big as judicial review, you should do it from a prestige base like Harvard or Berkeley, with Robert Bork or Leonard Levy writing an introduction. Christopher Publishing (West Hanover, Massachusetts), typos abounding, doesn't make it, tonewise.

But if, perchance, there are odd souls out there, even at Harvard or Berkeley, who care not only about "ideas" but about truth, we can treat such flaws of packaging as incidental, and note that in his vigorous, rough-hewn way, Father Higgins makes a powerful case that our constitutional history has been deeply flawed by judicial usurpation ever since *Marbury* v. *Madison*, a case he regards with the sort of keen interest Menachem Begin might take in the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Only a few days ago George Will, whose constitutional wisdom I have always considered profound and then some, mentioned John Marshall, casually, as our greatest Supreme Court Justice, ever; after reading Higgins, I rank Marshall below, say, William O. Douglas. I doubt if even George can jack my opinion of him up again now.

I should say at once that I am not competent to judge the historical evi-

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dence. Nevertheless, Higgins makes at least a strong prima-facie case that the Founding Fathers never intended judicial review. It was unknown in English law; though it had its American advocates (as did the abolition of slavery), it had won no consensus; and there is no explicit provision for it in the Constitution, as there would have been if the Framers had meant so novel and controversial an idea to be there.

Equally striking, Marshall, who in *Marbury* used every argument he could, didn't cite any precedent for judicial review. If the idea had had any historical authority, he would surely have adduced it. It didn't; he invented it.

So judicial review hinges on Marshall's argument, or something like it. Put briefly, the Court, in deciding between conflicting laws, must give superior weight to the more fundamental law—viz., the Constitution. The trouble with having one branch of government pronounce another's act unconstitutional is that it could easily be (though it hasn't been) turned around. Congress, if it had a mind to, could decide, in any disagreement with the Supreme Court, that it was the *Court* that was acting unconstitutionally. It could punish any such difference with impeachment: that is structurally possible. And the Court knows it, and has a way of finding state and local governments in violation of the fundamental law far more often than the Federal Government.

Some recent authorities, like Alexander Bickel, have recognized the weakness of Marshall's *Marbury* ruling. But the *institution* of judicial review is so deeply rooted that they can't renounce it even when they can't think of a rationale for it. There is a biting rationalism about Higgins's approach, a put-up-or-shut-up reductionism that won't give the other side the benefit of doubt. If they're the Establishment, he seems to say, they'd better have a good excuse for it; and he plainly thinks they don't.

He's also plainly right. One can nitpick this or that feature of the book, from its prose style to its facts (Bobby Kennedy is said to have been Attorney General in 1956); but the sheer accumulation of data is unanswerable. Judicial review has led to judicial supremacy, a politicized Court, a government of men not laws, government by litigation, and of course a kind of undemo-

cratic "superlegislature." It didn't start with the Warren Court, or the Slaughterhouse Cases, or *Dred Scott*: it was all implicit in *Marbury*.

What's more, Higgins's logic is bluntly incisive. He can take a Bickel or a Levy out with one punch, the moment they start to fudge. Unlike Raoul Berger, who said many of the same things in *Government by Judiciary*, he is not embarrassed by his conclusions. Berger was clearly daunted by the sheer accreted *mass* of bad interpretations, and ended rather feebly with the hope that the judiciary would see reason and mend its ways. Higgins knows that isn't going to happen. He calls for a constitutional amendment to abolish judicial review.

But that isn't going to happen either. One well-reasoned little book from Christopher Publishing simply can't make a dent in the strange alloy of tradition, politics, and ideology that is judicial review. The people are the ultimate authority in this Republic, but their ignorance and diffusion will prevent the exercise of that authority against the runaway judiciary. As Higgins himself shrewdly observes, the entire legal profession has a vested interest in judicial usurpation. And any effective movement will need the support of lawyers.

Besides, the usurpation has the tacit support of much of the legislative branch. The liberals hitherto dominant in the Congress have actually liked the convenience of having the judiciary there to smuggle the least popular parts of the liberal agenda into political reality under the guise of "interpretation." The Court, as I say, has leaned hard on the states—from *Brown* v. *Board of Education* to *Roe* v. *Wade*—while taking care not to antagonize Congress on matters like busing and the Hyde Amendment.

James Jackson Kilpatrick has recently remarked, in these pages, on the Court's modesty with respect to Congress. But this is nothing new. What *is* new is Congress's relative conservatism, to which the Court has duly responded: those election returns *are* noticed, and Congress has flexed its muscles a bit lately, with pointed glances at the Brethren.

Judicial usurpation, in other words, has occurred by the sufferance—and with, if you will, the consent—of the legislative branch. Both branches have shunned a real showdown. I expect they always will. If the Court is behaving better in 1981, the real reason is less a seizure of right reason than the simple fact that Strom Thurmond has replaced Edward Kennedy as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. The Court remains deferential to Congress; but it's a different Congress now.

So the reader of *Judicial Review Unmasked* is a little like the hero of Alfred Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*: he is in possession of a secret he hardly knows what to do with. Still, it's worth knowing. If Higgins's remedy isn't practical, at least he provides an intellectual key to the problem; and who knows how useful that may ultimately prove to be. Even ideas have consequences. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Running for the Exit, *by H. W. Wright (Strawberry Hill Press, 153 pp., $6.95).* In days of yore, before air-conditioning and antihistamines, there came about, in the Northeast, every August 15, a great exodus of hay-fever sufferers to the sprawling brick and frame hotels overlooking mountain lakes in the Adirondacks. Ten-year-old Ned Oliphant is the third generation of his family to spend a month every summer at Scotch Lake Hotel. He is a favorite of Mrs. Hatch, who *is* Scotch Lake Hotel, of Whizzer, the bellboy with an eye for the girls, of Gussie the cat, of Stan the head chef, and of Joe Moriarity, the golf pro. This summer Ned will win the junior golf championship. The world's his oyster and Scotch Lake Hotel is that world until, suddenly, Ned learns that next summer he and his parents may go to Europe instead. In this extraordinarily readable novel—fiction liberally laced with autobiography—Hamilton Wright successfully reproduces the mind, the feelings and sensitivities, and the pomposities ("that was the summer I fell in love with the

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

I DON'T KNOW anything about the merits," Hamilton Jördan said of President Carter's decision to establish a Department of Education, "but I know the politics. . . ." Of all the salients of the Reagan Administration, none is more welcome than that under the command of Secretary of Education Terrel Bell, who plans to downgrade his own Department from a Cabinet-level to a non-Cabinet-level agency and summarily abolished 39 of the top sixty positions. Bell wants tuition tax credits given parents of children enrolled in private schools, and in other ways has set himself a collision course with organized pedagogy in the form of the National Education Association, which in 1976 delivered votes to Carter and was rewarded with the Department its heart desired.

Samuel L. Blumenfeld, the author of *Is Public Education Really Necessary?* (Devin-Adair, $12.95), undoubtedly knows the politics, but his concern is for the merits, not only of the logic behind a Department of Education, but of the entire set of ideological assumptions upon which the state-controlled system of public education rests. Public education, he insists, was not needed during the years of its gradual evolution in this country, nor is it needed today. "After more than a hundred years of universal public education, we can say that it nowhere resembles the utopian vision that drove its proponents to create it. . . ."

Blumenfeld traces the development of American public education from Massachusetts Bay through its proliferation and institutionalization throughout the nation in the 1840s. At the time of the Constitutional Convention, he points out, America had no system of public education, nor does the Constitution which resulted make any mention of such. In the late eighteenth century, education in the colonies and the young nation was a patchwork, but intellectually effective, system of private and locally subsidized schools which found the resources to educate the children of the indigent as well as of the affluent. "There were some statesmen," Blumenfeld writes, "like Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, who did advocate free, state-supported education on a rather modest scale. But they were clearly in the minority. Thus, at the beginning of the American nation, education, except for some tax-supported common schools in New England, was on a completely laissez-faire basis."

The stimulus behind the slow but steady accretion of a state system, Blumenfeld shows, had nothing to do with education per se. Rather, it was the desire of secular reformers to remake society into a scientific utopia. In 1805 the Calvinists were routed when Harvard got its first Unitarian president —eloquent symbol of the Unitarian ascendancy in New England culture. Where Calvinism had stressed theological and moral rigor, Unitarianism was the harbinger of modern secular liberalism, which saw God not as a personal God but as a figment in the mind of Man: men, they believed, were shaped by environment, which could be altered, through proper education, by the activities of an enlightened elite.

THE EDUCATIONAL reformers borrowed heavily from Robert Owen's theories of education, without drawing attention to their socialist context; also from the statist blueprint for compulsory public education that had been implemented in Prussia. Theological conservatives, who might have been expected to oppose these developments, in practice supported them out of a fear of Papist immigration, whose cultural force they were eager to retard. As the public-school movement grew, its proponents tried hard to undermine private schools by harking back to a wholly fictive past in which the Puritans were said to have been interested in promoting social equality, and by organizing educators and establishing the forebears of Columbia University Teacher's College.

Mr. Blumenfeld is privately employed at a school in Boston. □

FOUND IN CLOSET!

We recently discovered a small treasure in the back of a storeroom closet—several boxes of "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts," a famous Buckley best-seller. This is the original hardcover edition in mint condition. (Somehow these got overlooked or they would have been long gone by now.)

"A Hymnal" is really something special, a top-drawer collection of some of Bill Buckley's best writings. It's a great book to have handy to enliven your own conversations (or arguments), or for just plain unadulterated enjoyment. It's filled with items that you're bound to find as fascinating as they are informative. And it's big, almost 500 pages, covering well over 100 articles, essays, etc.—a feast for the discerning reader.

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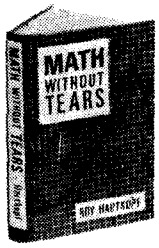
word fuliginous") of a small boy living in a world sixty years—a space age—removed from our own. Ned's childish stratagems to get his parents to change their minds about Europe parallel the reader's growing awareness that something is awry in the relationship of his parents. Indeed before the summer is over Lionel Oliphant will have departed for Pittsburgh in the *same* sleeper with the laughing, widowed Mrs. James; Lillian Oliphant will have told the greatest whopper of her career; and Ned himself will have discovered WOMEN—two of them, both ten. *Running for the Exit* is neatly plotted, filled with quiet humor, *one of a kind*, like an intricately worked and very beautiful antique brooch. As recounted in the book, the five-year-old Ned/Hamilton slices his first drive into the woods, but hits the second straight down the middle. At 69, Mr. Wright has produced his first novel, and it's a hole-in-one performance.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

TOWARD THE NEXT ECONOMICS, *by Peter F. Drucker (Harper & Row, 212 pp., $11.95).* Peter Drucker has made his mark as an expert on management: on how things work, how to make them work, and why they fail to work. This slim collection of recent essays contains no surprises; it will satisfy his fans, and perhaps bring a few others into the fold. His essays are guileless and styleless, clear, factual, written with a certain ease. His subject matter is vital, and he brings to it a competent understanding that makes it actually interesting to a wider readership than an audience of MBAs and corporate chieftains. Almost every essay here is compelling; almost every one has a practical application. The title essay is ruminative, presenting the failure of the current and the need for the "next" (supply-side) economics. "Multinationals and Developing Countries" concerns itself with the myths and realities of that relationship, and ought to be required reading for all those who automatically associate multinational with "exploitation." Drucker also describes the "Coming Rediscovery of Scientific Management," as pioneered by

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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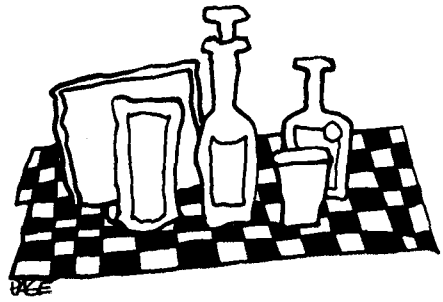

Frederick Winslow Turner. He proposes ways to save the environment without killing industry, and presents a solution to the seeming uselessness of boards of directors. He urges science to re-embrace industry after its infatuation with government funding. Drucker identifies problems, and offers solutions. He is that rare man: an enthusiastic realist, who chooses hope and ambition over despair. At times he is a bit too slick, too pat, like a professor who has given the same seminar again and again, like a lecturer on the road with the same old *schtick*. But repetition is the price of mastery.

JOE MYSAK

IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST: *Letters from Prison, by Jack Henry Abbott, introduction by Norman Mailer (Random House, 166 pp., $11.95).* Norman Mailer's correspondence with Jack Henry Abbott—a convict who spent 25 of his first 37 years in prison—began while Mailer was writing *The Executioner's Song*. From Abbott's letters, collected in this volume, Mailer came to feel "all the awe one knows before a phenomenon." This is a dreadful book in both the informal and the exact meanings of the word. Its level of political thought can be represented by the observation that "Communists *always* behave as anyone would expect real people in a real society to respond to one another." But in the first ninety or so pages Abbott offers concrete and horrific descriptions of life among a ferocious "new breed" of American convicts. His exposition of the technique one prisoner uses to stab another in the chest is as precise as Hemingway's account of hooking a trout. When Abbott writes of the things he has lived, and not about the politics he has grabbed onto in desperation, he is dignified and commanding. The convict-*versus*-convict carnage last year in New Mexico seems considerably less mysterious after reading his book. Mailer has contributed an introduction that is sincere but often silly on the subject of prisons: "Somewhere between the French Foreign Legion and some prodigious extension of Outward Bound may lie the answer, at least for *all those juvenile delinquents who are* drawn to crime as a positive experience. . . ." Mailer's faith helped win Abbott's conditional release from the Utah State Penitentiary early this June. Since July 18, Abbott has been sought by New York City police in connection with the murder of Richard Adan. Mr. Adan was skillfully stabbed in the chest.

THOMAS MALLON

THE SPYMASTERS OF ISRAEL, *by Stewart Steven (Macmillan, 329 pp., $13.95).* One of the world's first known espionage missions took place in the land that was to become Israel. The Bible describes it in Chapter XIII of the Book of Numbers: "And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan . . . and see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many." The Jewish people have a long and honorable tradition of espionage. The ancient Israelites possessed a strong and efficient secret service which enabled them to survive while surrounded by enemies. Today, after an interruption of almost two thousand years, the modern Israeli service, the Mossad, does much the same thing. The Mossad is charged with detecting hints of Arab aggression before they become a reality. The continued existence of Israel is a tribute to Mossad's effectiveness. It is odd, then, that a secret service that depends so heavily on remaining secret has had so much written about it. Stewart Steven's is the latest, and certainly the best, of a crop of books on Israeli intelligence that have appeared recently. Through a variety of high-level contacts in Israel and Western Europe, he has managed to interview first-hand most of the participants in the incidents he relates. This gives the book a power and immediacy that is hard to resist. All the familiar stories are here: the abduction of Adolf Eichmann; the exploits of Wolfgang Lotz, the famous "Champagne Spy" who wined and dined the Egyptian High Command out of its secrets; the brilliant and doomed Eli Cohen, who came tantalizingly close to becoming Syria's Defense Minister. Steven also sheds light on more recent events, such as how the Israelis compromised Andrew Young in his supposedly secret meeting with PLO Representative Zehdi Terzi and how the Mossad "hit" the Palestinians' top terrorist, Ali Hassan Salameh. Steven's sins are merely those of omission: he rightly relates the story of how Mossad helped Israeli commandos spirit the Entebbe hostages out of Idi Amin's Uganda, but he doesn't mention Mossad's not inconsiderable role in bringing Amin to power in the first place. His decision to forgo footnotes is often maddening, and his bibliography is, I suspect, incomplete. No one can ever hope to tell the complete story of any intelligence agency. Even the flood of books on the CIA has left massive gaps that cannot possibly be filled. Steven's book, however, is probably as close as anyone is ever likely to get.

JOHN A. BARNES

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COSTICK

(Continued from page 957)

agement of those risks is far preferable to the political risk of excessive dependence on Soviet natural gas. Illegal interference with the construction of nuclear facilities and lengthy and costly administration of regulations have held nuclear power far below its potential contribution to Western European energy consumption. American nuclear policy during the Carter Administration (e.g., refusing to reprocess nuclear fuels and discouraging exports of nuclear power facilities) further discouraged Western European nuclear programs.

Nuclear Options

Western Europe, if it were to utilize the expanded nuclear power option, would be far less vulnerable to interruptions of energy sources. Nuclear fuel supplies are needed only intermittently, and much of the reserves lie outside the Communist world. A Western European nuclear fuel reprocessing facility would further insulate Western Europe from possible future interruptions of supply.

Exploitation of North Sea carbons, including petroleum and natural gas, is another viable alternative source of supply. The Norwegian sector, in particular, is estimated to be capable of much higher levels of production. In the past, Norway has not exploited its reserves to their full potential for domestic reasons. In brief, Norwegians have feared that expanded production would change their way of life; petrodollars might bring inflation. In addition, expanded production increases the risk of oil-rig disasters.

However, Norway is a member of NATO and has responsibilities to the alliance as a whole. To the extent that Norwegian energy exports would make it less necessary for Western Europe to seek other supplies, Norway would be making a positive contribution to NATO and hence to Norwegian security. As in the case of an expanded nuclear power program, Norwegian energy supplies would decrease Western Europe's vulnerability to supply interruption.

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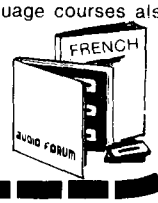

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Nix on F-16

On The Right

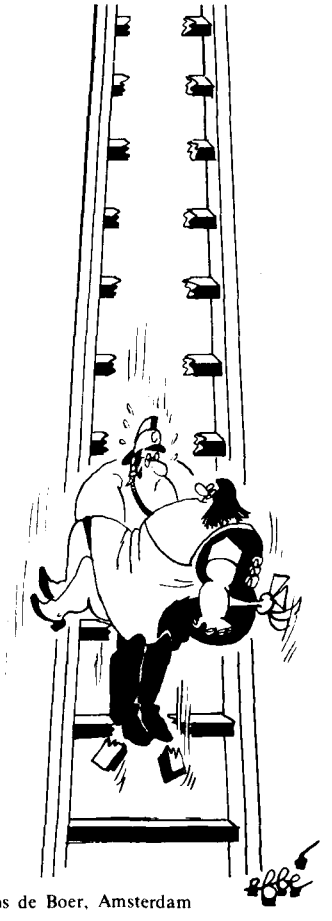
New York, July 29—The President is said to have postponed a decision on whether to deliver the four F-16s to Israel. Concerning which, a few observations:

1. The air strike against the nuclear facility in Iraq can, by reasonable men, be held to be in violation of the Arms Control Act under which Israel acquired its weaponry; or not in violation of that Act. The first evaluation would be by those who contend that the plant in question did not pose an immediate threat to Israel, and that in any case non-military demands should have preceded the strike. The other view (my own) is that the strike was justified on the grounds that the pre-emptive nature of it was almost certainly required for its successful consummation. If the Israelis had issued an ultimatum, by the time it expired the Iraqis' friends would have surrounded the nuclear facility with some friendly SAM missiles.

2. On the discrete point, neither Congress nor Reagan has all that much to worry about. It will trail off in ambiguities. But what will survive the raid is the hardening character of Mideast contempt for U.S. policy. There is nothing unpleasant that Saudi Arabia can say about us that we cannot easily match in assessing Saudi behavior over the past eight years, during which the Saudis have done about as much as any single power could do to undermine the stability of the dollar and to impose great suffering on the Third World. But when King Hussein, in his conversation with Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, made the point that the "moderate" Arab states are fast coming to the conclusion that there simply is no difference between Israeli foreign policy and U.S. foreign policy—i.e., that the United States is perceived as automatically backing any Israeli venture—we can identify a concrete problem which we need very sorely to cope with.

3. Mr. Begin has made it quite plain that he does not intend to let the White House dictate his foreign policy. Fair enough.

But we have not made it quite plain that our interests in the Middle East are not necessarily coterminous with Mr. Begin's foreign policy. Note, please, that Mr. Begin's foreign policy is furiously controversial within Israel itself. When, before even the Iraqi wound had healed, Mr. Begin engaged in a severe bombing of Beirut resulting in hundreds of casualties, much of Europe, and all of the Middle Eastern states, responded with great bitterness. They view Mr. Begin, and with good reason, as a thoroughly unreasonable man. He has formed a coalition government which depends entirely on the support of a small number of Israelis who really have no interest whatever in any putative obligations by Israel undertaken as the result of UN Resolutions or obligations under the Camp David Accords to yield the West Bank to any other jurisdiction. Grant that Syrian intervention in Lebanon is the primary cause of the trouble. But grant also that the colonization of the West Bank by Begin has hardened Palestinian determination.



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4. The interests of Israel are not necessarily served by the policies of Mr. Begin. To assume any such thing is as preposterous as to assume that in the United States the whole of the country was united behind the foreign policies of Jimmy Carter or, before that, Nixon, or LBJ. The White House should begin by making this clear. And a reasonable way to do this, given the symbolic nature of the F-16s, would be to abort their shipment. At the same time, the United States should inform Saudi Arabia—which has munificently agreed to put up the money to rebuild Iraq's nuclear plant—that we are canceling the AWACS deal. That we'll do our own intelligence work in the skies over the Persian Gulf, and that we will make available to any country not actively engaged in hostile actions against another country the fruit of our intelligence.

By this evenhanded formula we can hope to intercept what looks now like a juggernaut, headed for a military solution, one victim of which might well be the friendship of Egypt. Nine months from now Sadat will have back all his territory. After that, he is likely to edge over toward the position that Jordan is owed back its territories, and that it is not in the spirit of Camp David, let alone reconciliation, to go in so regularly for military solutions. □

HOW TO READ BALL

New York, July 22—George Ball, a learned and witty man whose thought I suspect is often governed by the altogether mischievous delight he takes in overstatement, has written what one might term the militant Establishment's official opposition to Reagan's foreign policy. The column was published in the *Washington Post* under the title, "That Old Cold War Obsession," and begins with sentences that might have been written by Ball's old partner (they traveled together to Germany after the war, to assess the damage done by the Allied bombing), John Kenneth Galbraith: "John Foster Dulles is alive and well and living in the White House. Once again we hear his passionate charge that

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the Soviet Union is the Antichrist threatening civilization with a pernicious doctrine."

Now, even the most informal student of rhetoric, from these two sentences alone, can deduce practically the whole of the forthcoming message. It is said by students of communication that 95 per cent of the signals we exchange are non-verbal. They are done by arm-motion, facial expressions: and inflection. "That's a great idea!" can be pronounced in ways different enough to describe a proposal to attend a concert featuring Alicia de Larrocha, or a proposal to launch the Third World War.

"Is alive and well" is generally associated with Hitler (the generic phrase: "Hitler is alive and well and living in Argentina"). You would not normally use "is alive and well and living in . . ." to describe somebody, or something, you approve of.

"John Foster Dulles" is here used as what the boys call antonomasia. "John Foster Dulles" is intended to convey a humorless, myopic, driven, unsophisticated, Calvinist misanthrope. We have already accomplished a great deal in a single sentence.

"Once again we hear" means, in the long form, "Would you believe it, here we are, A.D. 1981, and we are made to listen to something anybody over ten should have outgrown." Following this, the rhetorician will give you as exaggerated a version as possible of the position he is talking about. To wit, we are once again hearing the "passionate charge" (a "passionate" charge is one you can safely disregard, unless it is made by Jacobo Timerman) "that the Soviet Union is the Antichrist threatening civilization with a pernicious doctrine."

MR. BALL has now come out of the closet. Eventually the rhetoric had to evolve into a declarative sentence.

Now, an "Antichrist" is one of two things. Either one who denies or opposes Christ (the Soviet Union does this, officially); or one who poses as Christ, but is in fact doing the work of the devil. In a sense the Soviet Union does this also, because it poses as the vehicle for peace and fraternity, but instead practices violence and fratricide.

Well, but does the Soviet Union "threaten" civilization? This requires that we agree basically on what civilization is. If we appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, as the old expression goes, we could probably wrest from Mr. Ball the admission that the elimination of free speech and freedom of conscience, the totalitarianization of culture, and the subordination of the individual to ideological ends, is a threat to civilization. Probably, if we got him in an unexcited mood, he would concede that such doctrines as are practiced in the Soviet Union are indeed "pernicious." Indeed, although George Ball thinks it ridiculous to refer to the Soviet Union as a "Communist" nation since it is merely a recrudescence of the old Czarist nationalism, dressed in fancy Marxist raiments, like Little Red Riding Hood's wolf, he nevertheless admits that it is capable of exercising an "atavistic claustrophobia" and launching a full-scale nuclear war: if we provoke it by, e.g., selling arms to China, or deploying missiles in Europe. What then should we do? I mean, besides impeaching John Foster Dulles? George Ball is too busy to tell us. He has all those fireworks to light. Whee! □

THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS

New York, July 24—On May 31, this column published excerpts from an interview said to have been conducted by a Uruguayan journalist, Gustavo Ruegger, with Simon Wiesenthal, the legendary Nazi hunter. The relevant passage from the interview published in *El País* on April 26 was: "I also know that many of these people [Argentine Jewish Peronist sympathizers] went to jail accused of being in favor of terrorism, with nothing to do with whether or not they might have been Jews. One of them is [Jacobo] Timerman, and the people who wanted to help him converted the case into an antisemitic persecution. I can understand this, that since Timerman is a leftist, he is against any government, any movement, that might be rightist, but in a fight, you have to stick to the truth."

On June 14, the *New York Times* published a story by Colin Campbell the lead sentence of which was: "Simon Wiesenthal, the hunter of Nazi war criminals, said yesterday that quotations attributed to him in the recent syndicated column by William F. Buckley Jr. questioning the integrity of Jacobo Timerman . . . had been partly fabricated. . . . He said he had not discussed any connection between Mr. Timerman and terrorists and that he had not spoken about Argentine politics because he knew nothing about such matters." Wiesenthal went on to complain that he had not granted an "interview" to Ruegger, that he had simply talked with him.

On June 22, a story in the *Washington Post* alluded to the controversy as follows: "Buckley received information (which has since been discredited) . . ."

On June 23, Jack Newfield, writing in the *Village Voice* on the controversy, said: "But it now turns out the quotes used by Buckley were a hoax. *Wiesenthal never said such things.* [Italics in the original.] Buckley was so anxious to get them into print that he never attempted to verify their authenticity. [The quotes were] fabricated."

On June 15, I called Ruegger and told him the *New York Times* had reported Wiesenthal's disavowal. Ruegger said he stuck by his story, but declined to be questioned over the telephone.

IN LATE June, I telephoned Colin Campbell of the *New York Times* and asked whether any reporter for the *New York Times* had gone to Ruegger to listen to the tapes. Mr. Campbell said this had not been done, agreed it should be done, and said he would take measures to see that it be done.

Yesterday, I received a letter from a diplomat in Montevideo with whom I have had extensive dealings over many years. He writes: "I know Mr. Ruegger quite well- in fact it was I who got him the invitation to visit Austria (and interview Wiesenthal). Having read your column, I telephoned Ruegger, told him about his name being mentioned by you, and asked him if I could hear the taped interview. He came immediately, brought the tape, and I listened to it very carefully. I can tell you that every word you wrote is correct, and can be corroborated by the tape any time. It is hard to understand how Wiesenthal could say that he was misquoted. In the interview he puts quite a distance between himself and Timerman. He said, for instance, that on his next visit to Israel he would see Timerman and give him a good scolding. I believe you understand German [I don't]—he said: '. . . *ich werde ihm den Kopf waschen*'—I shall wash his head—which means: rebuke him, chide him. Wiesenthal also said that Timerman was not arrested for being a Jew, but for being a leftist, just as you wrote."

Demonstrations by Jack Newfield that he is a horse's ass are supererogatory, but it is strange that the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* should implicitly consider that an interview is "discredited" merely because the interviewee subsequently wishes he hadn't said what he did say. Especially when the tapes were there, the whole time. It isn't easy for columnists to send reporters to Montevideo to listen to tapes. But the *Times* and the *Post* have extensive resources, and they can always ask the Associated Press in Montevideo to take an hour off and listen to the tapes. □

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KUO

(Continued from page 953)

held. Tienanmen came up only long enough for Chiang Ching to spit out her statement that questions about the incident should be put to the then Minister of National Security, Hua. While the trial was still in session, word spread that Hua had tendered his resignation as Chairman.

Hua's resignation could not be formally accepted until the Sixth Plenary Session of the CCPCC. The meeting was variously scheduled and postponed before finally convening on June 30, 1981. Teng did not want the session held until his theory of "practice"—the theory that would turn the god Mao into Mao, the man who had made disastrous mistakes—had been accepted. The postponements brought Hua no comfort, however. The moment he tendered his resignation, he lost the last of his power. And he seemed to disappear with it. From November of 1980 through March of 1981, he made no public appearances. On May 1, he was not at Tienanmen Square for the big Labor Day demonstration. Alexander Haig came and went without ever seeing Hua.

In the resolution that came out of the Sixth Plenum, Hua's culpability in extending Mao's now officially condemned mistakes was summed up as "the Left errors in the guiding ideology that Comrade Hua Kuo-feng continued to commit in his capacity as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party." Mao had been Left, and correct. Now Left was wrong. So Hua is—and, retroactively, was—wrong. What next? Will Hua retire—as he himself has suggested—to some agricultural commune and work like a peasant? Or will his health fail—will he require hospitalization for some unspecified, but fatal, disease?

Or is there another role Hua may yet have to play in Teng's China? Looking down the road, one inescapable fact leaps up. For Teng Hsiao-ping to hold power, he must be able to activate China's industry. This will require a gargantuan leap forward over mountain-high hurdles. The PRC lacks the foreign reserves, the trained industrial engineers, and the infrastructure needed to support an industrial boom. While attempting to build on this inadequate foundation a solid economy capable of profitable exports, Teng must also cope with internal political problems. Those cadres displaced by the "helicoptered" Mao protégés want their former jobs back—but those jobs are held by others. Whichever group gets the posts, there will be a dissatisfied ousted group, feeling wronged.

Nor is this the only dissatisfaction with which Teng must cope. The ten-year closing of all universities during the Cultural Revolution has left a backlog of many millions aspiring to higher education. Each year the PRC can admit only 200,000 to a university, automatically creating another out group to feel wronged.

But perhaps the greatest hurdle is the very nature of what Teng is trying to do—to taste the fruits of capitalism while retaining Communism. This is not merely an economic anomaly; in the PRC it can be political suicide. The leftists, although now officially out of favor, still number many important leaders. For thirty years, capitalism has been the Communist equivalent of the Antichrist. Even with the sort of persuasion a powerful Communist leader commands, will the PRC unprotestingly embrace the demon of capitalism? Here, the Army is a big question mark; among its leaders are several top leftists.

What does all this mean to the PRC? At the best, that it does not face a smooth transition from whateverists to practice-advocates. At the worst, that there lies ahead another period of repression, even revolution, as Teng attempts to shove a disunited country down a new road.

What does it mean to the U.S.? That we face a period of hard wooing by the PRC and of hard thinking about our own strategic concerns. To bring off his industrial revitalization, Teng will need Western loans, tools, experts, and markets. Clearly the PRC must retain most-favored-nation status and must have no ceilings on its exports. For the Reagan Administration, this may be the moment to provide Taiwan with the planes it seeks—and can pay for.

And what may all this mean to Hua Kuo-feng? If Teng fails to revitalize Communist China's disastrous industrial economy, will the 12 indictments on Tienanmen be dusted off and more recent ones added, so that Hua may in his turn serve as a scapegoat?

We may speculate, but the possibilities serve only to emphasize the endlessness of the Orwellian cycle: right becoming wrong becoming right—the kaleidoscopic mutability of history. □

Make Mine Manhattan

Vacation days are here, hooray!
Once more it's time to get away
From urban blight (with modern plumbing)
To grasslands (with mosquitoes humming)
Where poison ivy leaves await you
And natives fawn (for tips) but hate you.

You've sagging mattresses to lie on,
Unfettered kids to keep an eye on,
That frenzy to sun-tan and then
The frenzy to un-tan again.
And oh, those picnics (ant-infested)
With cold fried chicken (indigested).

To ride our subways, true, is not
Like sailing on a spanking yacht,
Nor is God good at making trees
Where potholes grow as thick as fleas;
But while you're sweating out-of-doors
I'm wandering through nice cool stores.

And while you burn 'neath sun and sky,
In clover here at home am I.
The simple life? With all that work?
My work I either do or shirk
In air-conditioned deshabille.
This is the simple life for me.

—Corinna Marsh

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Kayo Mullins' weapon — 41 6 21 45 67 80 11 27 34

B. One of the canonical hours — 51 86 108 26 2

C. One of the more prominent magazines back in the days of the pulps — 73 63 23 100 109 123

D. World War II would have ended a day sooner had he been in command — 71 111 42 7 90 83

E. Unscramble DEE KNEW LOTS to get a lengthy hangover — 78 10 103 19 76 43 53 66 59 74 106

F. One who often tells you to redo it — 99 119 92 84 64 124

G. Violent and destructive windstorms — 110 30 49 60 127 9 37 82 93

H. Aware of + Zeus' girlfriend + two compass points = vegetables — 117 112 56 85 96 15

I. An American humorist (1850-1896) — 130 40 48

J. Boundaries — 55 33 29 79 94 8

K. Hasten to visit this capital — 115 120 35 18 98 72

L. Used sparingly — 31 104 68 126 44 4

M. What bad guys are often caught with — 47 69 97 113 57

N. A province in the Netherlands and its capital — 102 36 118 125 87 20 61

O. Where Shakespeare's lady lived — 3 13 16 25

P. A woman's dress — 131 88 116 22

Q. A ram's favorite pronouns? — 77 1 122 114

R. A word that is frequently contracted — 65 46 89 105 62 81

S. A Hebrew letter — 121 107 58 52

T. Not here — 12 32 39 54

U. Frothy — 95 70 38 50 128

V. Dried up and shriveled like King Tut — 17 5 28 91 24 101 129 14 75

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 976 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 Q	2 B	■	3 O	4 L	5 V	6 A	7 D	8 J	■	9 G	10 E
■	11 A	12 T	13 O	14 V	■	15 H	16 O	17 V	18 K	19 E	20 N	21 A
22 P	23 C	■	24 V	25 O	■	26 B	27 A	28 V	29 J	30 G	31 L	■
32 T	33 J	34 A	35 K	■	36 N	37 G	38 U	39 T	40 I	41 A	■	42 D
43 E	44 L	45 A	46 R	47 M	48 I	49 G	50 U	■	51 B	52 S	53 E	54 T
■	55 J	56 H	57 M	58 S	59 E	60 G	■	61 N	62 R	■	63 C	64 F
65 R	66 E	■	67 A	68 L	69 M	70 U	71 D	72 K	■	73 C	74 E	75 V
■	76 E	77 Q	■	78 E	79 J	80 A	81 R	82 G	83 D	■	84 F	85 H
■	86 B	87 N	88 P	89 R	90 D	91 V	92 F	93 G	94 J	95 U	■	96 H
97 M	98 K	99 F	■	100C	101V	■	102N	103E	■	104L	105R	106E
107S	108B	109C	110G	111D	112H	113M	114Q	■	115K	■	116P	117H
118N	119F	■	120K	121S	122Q	123C	124F	125N	■	126L	127G	128U
129V	130I	131P	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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Keep extra-noisy areas extra-quiet with **(2)** Soundsoak 85 panels. They add to speech privacy by reducing sound reflections off walls.

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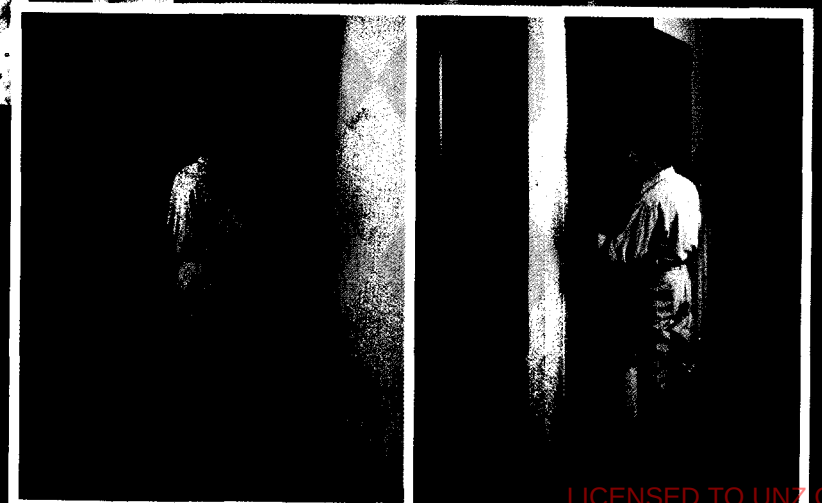
acoustical wall panels



FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF

Armstrong

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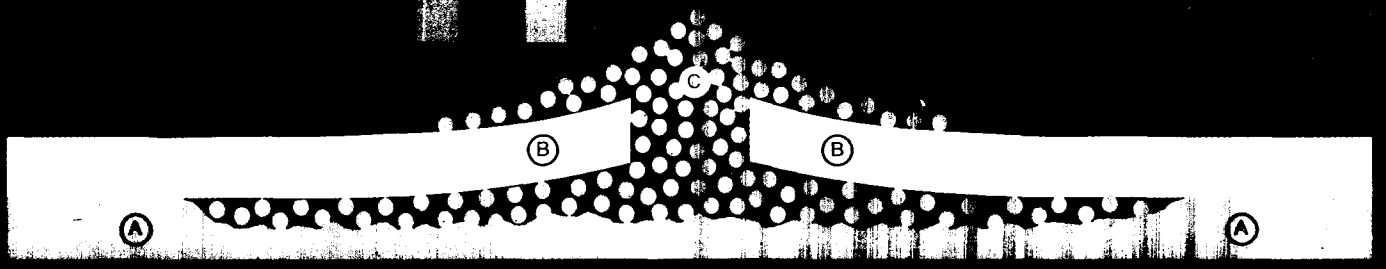
Consumer Orientation
Subject: Long-life Design
The Antithesis of
Planned Obsolescence

911 Porsche 911



At Porsche, we design our cars for the long term. We don't believe in the concept of planned obsolescence. Each new model is expected to have a production run of at least 10 years. (The 911 has been in production for more than 15 years.) In addition, every car we build is further expected to bring its owner many years of continued enjoyment.

Our goal of the longlife car has shown, however, that components such as the engine and drive train can have a far longer life span than the body. Road salt, acid rain, and other aggressive airborne matter have created increasing demands on the body's protective coating. Now more than ever, there is the danger of rust.

Paint alone is no protection against rust. (See diagram above.) Harmful elements can attack a car's sheet steel (A) through pinholes in the paint skin (B). Unchecked, rust (C) can expand, mar the finish, and weaken an ordinary steel body. So in addition to a 4-step paint process, the Porsche 911—like all Porsches—is protected by a hot dip galvanizing process.

All of the sheet steel used in all Porsches is hot dip galvanized—on both sides—in a 500°C liquid zinc bath. This produces (see diagram below) a protective zinc coating (D) on the sheet steel (E) that actually *grows* into the damaged portion (F) of the paint skin (G)—plugging pinholes and preventing further corrosion.

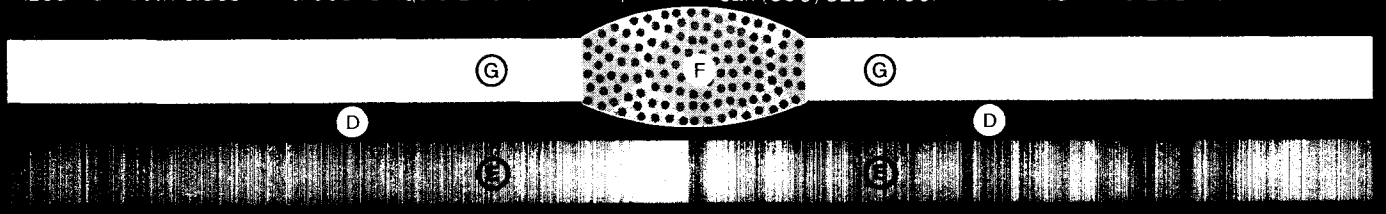
As a result of the effectiveness of hot dip galvanizing—beginning with the 1981 model year, we offer a limited warranty on the *entire* body of every new Porsche—911, 924, 924 Turbo, 928—against rust perforation for 7 years:

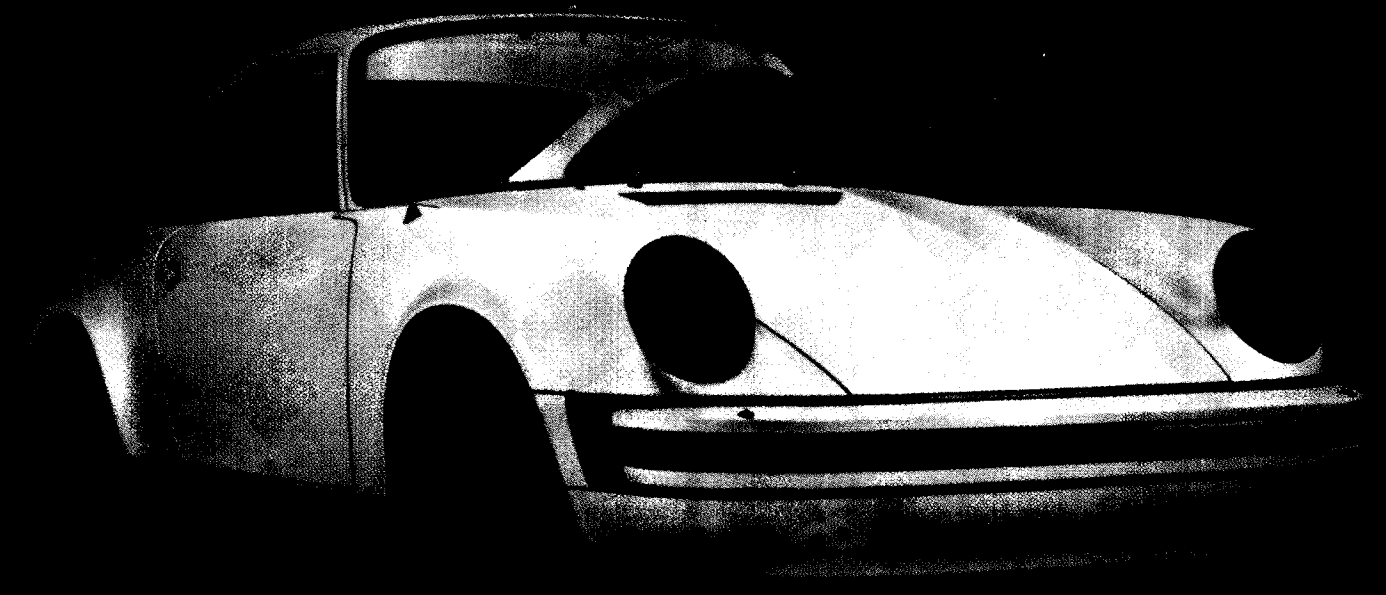
> Porsche Audi represents that Porsche vehicles will be free from rust perforation for the duration of 7 years. If rust perforation develops under normal use and service and the vehicle has been maintained in accordance with manufacturer's requirements, any Porsche Audi authorized dealer will replace or repair the defective parts free of charge.

The hot dip galvanizing process is expensive. But it represents the most comprehensive anti-corrosion protection available. At Porsche, excellence is expected.

For more information or your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE · AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE





At the Porsche Research and Development Center (Entwicklungzentrum) in Weissach, the steel body of a Porsche 911 has been standing outside in the elements—protected only by hot dip galvanizing—for 7 years. To date, there has not been one speck of red rust.

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